

THE
SCOURGE.

JUNE 1, 1814.

ROYAL MUNIFICENCE.

A TALE.

"A Queen of shreds and patches."—HAMLET.

Of kings and queens, of princes and princesses,
Of battles, murders, triumphs, and successes,
Of thrones set up, and other thrones pull'd down;
Of vagrant monarchs begging half a crown;
Of mighty emperors' abdicating sway,
Because they found 'twas time to run away;

We've heard so much, alas! the while,

While living snug

Here in this isle,

That royalty's become a very drug.

Greatness and kings seem naturally allied;

And walk, like coupled greyhounds, side by side;

For instance, when we would evince,

Our highest admiration of a thing

We say 'twas done exactly like a prince,

Or king,

Meaning with taste and magnanimity—

A sort of *je ne sais quoi*,

Which vulgar mortals *n'entendent pas*—

A nameless union of beauty and sublimity.

Those virtues too, and grace of soul,

Which make the veriest sinner whole,

Fitting him for heav'n in a trice,

We must suppose belonging to a throne

Though truly were we very nice,

And measur'd kings

Like other things,

By the same measure that we do our own,

'Tis odds but then,

Like other men,

Some short virtues and tall vices would be shewn.

— SYMPATHY's a charming thing
 For poetry to sing,
 Or boarding-school young ladies to indite ;
 'Tis so wond'rous cheap,
 That one can give a mighty heap,
 And never be the poorer for our mite.
 But—ah! plague upon those butts ;
 SYMPATHY won't fill our guts—
 It will not pay the BUTCHER or the BAKER
 Though yet I own,
 If giv'n alone,
 It cuts out business for the UNDERTAKER :

SYMPATHY, set round with gold,
 Though still 'tis neither bought nor sold,
 Charms with a brighter grace,
 And gladdens SORROW's face,
 In such a way as I shall not describe.
 You've seen a courtier out of place,
 Bowing to the minister for a bribe.

Our merchants, in the city,
 Knowing that a puff of pity,
 However warm, or sweet, or strong,
 Would not relieve the throng
 Of German sufferers who pin'd for aid,
 A more substantial charity display'd ;
 They did not cork up tears or sighs,
 Such moon-shine help they would despise ;
 They pack'd up guineas in a bag,
 And sent them to those German wretches
 Who had scarcely got a rag
 To serve instead of breeches.

Example, says an ancient saw,
 Is preferable to precept ;
 And so it is, except
 In violating law ;
 And there, the fact is,
 That theory is better far than practice.
 But this example once begun,
 Like wild-fire through the land it run ;

The PRINCE, or else the papers blunder'd,
Bade MAC transmit a round five hundred;
 A generous sum
 To come
From one with debts so heavily encumber'd.

Now every eye was turn'd upon the QUEEN—

In her Munificence is always seen,

 'Twould, indeed, be *difficult to tell*

 What numerous bounties swell

The bead-roll of her charitable deeds.

 'Tis said she never meets

 A common beggar in the streets,

But straight her royal heart with mercy bleeds.

But if an English beggar touches her so near,

A German beggar must surely be more dear:

 Tis past a doubt,

 She'd sooner give relief

To those who ask for sauer kraut

 Than those who ask for beef.

 Sixpence would feed a dozen on the first,

 Until they burst;

 But for the latter,

 It would not fill one platter.

The patriot's feelings in a woman's mind,

A fixed resting-place can seldom find;

But dew-ey'd PRY, soft and mild,

Owens woman for her favorite child:

 And therefore, though her Majesty might scout,

 The impulse of a patriot's heart,

Yet PRY there might kick up such a rout,

 As would impel her with some pounds to part.

The wicked wag who stole her sacred name,

 Reason'd just so;

Quite sure compassion would her breast inflame,

 Did she but know

That such a thing was set on foot.

 Her Majesty, oppress'd with state affairs,

 And many household cares,

Might never once discover
 The SUBSCRIPTION
 Till it was over—
 And then how great would be her Majesty's
 AFFLICTION !!!

Just therefore to remind her of the fact,
 And just to hint how her Majesty *should act*,
 This loyal rogue a letter fram'd,
 To save her Majesty from being innocently blam'd.

"Two thousand pounds!" exclaimed the COMMITTEE—
 While every eye sparkl'd with glee;
 "Why this indeed is great,
 "Fitting her high estate,
 "Worthy her Majesty to give,
 " Now, *at last*, are seen
 " The virtues of our QUEEN !"

But one—a sly old *file*,
 With such a smile,
 As marks a knowing one who quizzing smokes,
 Read the note meanwhile,
 And drily grumbl'd out "A HOAX !!!"
 "A HOAX!" re-echoed all the COMMITTEE—
 "A HOAX!" he answer'd, "as you all might see!
 "Two thousand pounds! Why, where's your sense?
 "Did you ever know her give as many *pence*?"

Suspicion now awoke in every mind;
 They make inquiries at the banker's house,
 And there they find
 Her Majesty had not given a souse!

But who shall dare to snarl at
 The wise economy of CHARLOTTE?
 'Tis true her cash she kept—
But then she wept;
 Let other fools give gold,
 Such precious drops I hold
 Worth all her bounties which she pays on tick.

"Ah! they are my countrymen! Oh dear!"
 Cried Majesty—and dropt a *tear* !!!

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL DEFEATED, OR,
SATIRE REDIVIVUS.

SIR,

THE present age has been distinguished from every former period of English history, by the number of those writers who have suffered the penalties of the law for the freedom and the spirit with which they descanted on the morals of the age, and chastised the vices, or ridiculed the follies of individuals in every rank of life, and among every description of society. In former periods of British civilization, as during the flourishing ages of Greece and Rome, the oratorical censor, and the satirical poet, were regarded as exercising only that just pre-eminence to which superior genius and an intimate knowledge of life and human nature were conceived to entitle them; the Macflecknoe of Dryden, the Dunciad, and the satirical imitations of Pope, remained secure from molestation by the attorney-general; the literary castigators of a Bolingbroke, and a Wharton, enjoyed the triumph of truth and justice unawed by *ex-officio*s; and Addison could describe a coward and a liar without being called to account for his inuendoes by the interference of the judicial servants of the king.

But times are altered, and a man may now be sent to prison for a couple of years, and ruined for life, because he "calls a spade, a spade," and tells a public individual the very truths that are obvious to the most partial and intimate of his friends. The drunkard who boasts to every companion of his bacchanalian prowess, the lecher who proclaims his feats of incontinence, and the spendthrift ostentatious of extravagance, become suddenly and vehemently angry when the vices which they obtrusively display are depicted by an observer, and after protruding their infamy in all its varieties of deformity, employ all the arts of persecution to punish the innocent bystander who reflects in his literary mirror, nothing more than a faithful image of a disgusting and obtrusive original.

As I am not in the number, Mr. Editor, of those determined censors to whom Newgate is an elysium, and whom the very idea of being prosecuted by the attorney-general exhilarates more effectually than all the treasures of the Castalian fountain; yet as I love to speculate on the virtues and the vices of the world, and have long been in the habit of publishing the result of my enquiries, it has been the object of my anxious study to discover some honest and easy means of speaking the whole truth of any character, public or private, without incurring the vengeance of the higher circles, or administering to the malignant passions of the lower. In the case of letters, as a property, perpetuity of settlement exempts from the pains and penalties that would otherwise attach to various offences against the statute, and my plan is founded on the extended circulation and legitimate publication of the great masters of poetry and learning. What government would be able to prohibit the satires of Horace, or the Letters of Junius? In what nation, however despotic, has an injunction been issued against the works of Tacitus; or what attorney-general would be able to suppress the dramas of Shakspeare?

It has been justly observed, that modern books are formed, like the mixtures of an apothecary, by pouring out of one phial into another. Cobbet is nothing better than a modern D'Anvers; Dr. Duigenan may find a prototype in many of the ostentatious, and pamphlet-writing cardinals of ancient times; Leigh Hunt is a dilated compound of Brown and Boyd; and Vetus a bloated abortion of Junius. I have often wondered therefore that many of our periodical writers should encounter the danger, and endure the trouble of what they please to call original composition, when they might occupy their columns so safely and so easily by extracts applicable to the purpose, in which judicious selection would be the only duty.

A Sunday editor endeavouring to express his detestation of a tyrant might quote with great effect from Mur-

phy's translation of Tacitus ; a satirist desirous of correcting the vices of Mrs. P. might apply the character of Atossa, with admirable effect ; and as for the exploits of Soult, and the overthrow of the Yankees, the Battles of the Frogs and Mice, might be adopted in the one case, and the flight of the Titans in the other. Whenever, therefore, a character is to be detailed, a satirical hint to be conveyed, or a question to be argued, I would propose, that our political and periodical writers who are afraid of their purses, or their ears, should use the language only of some well known writer, and prefix to his quotation the initials only of those individuals to whom his opinion is unfavorable. By this means only those who deserve the ascription of the satire will feel its point ; those who are innocent, or unlike the picture, will remain untangible, while the genuine original will be immediately detected and despised. As a proof, Sir, of the manner in which so easy and secure a plan might be conducted, I have sent you the subjoined specimen, leaving it for your readers to estimate the adaptation of the language to modern persons, and the correctness of the resemblance between the public characters of former years, and those of the present fortunate generation.

MR. SCOTT.

There is a voice which whispers in thy ear,
Friend Scott, be prudent, let thy muse take breath,
Nor ever gallop Pegasus to death ;
Lest, stiff and stately, void of fire and force,
You limp like Southey on a lord-mayor's horse.

MRS. J——.

What had I to do with play ?

Gamester.

There was a time when, &c.

Earl of Warwick.

In cute curanda plus æque operata.

Horace.

MR. KEAN.

Go on, my boy, nor heed their further call,
Vain his attempt who tries to please you all.

Foote's Prologue.

MR. S——.

I hope a man may wish
His friend's wife well, and no harm done.

Venice Preserved.

MRS. O——.

He that lends his wife, if she be fair, or time, or place,
Compels her to be false.

Every Man in his Humour.

MR. JONES.

The genteel, the airy, and the smart.

Churchill.

MESSRS. H—— and CL——.

Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati.

MR. B——.

Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what ye gave.

MRS. L——.

Vox et preterea nihil.

ELLISTON, in *Tragedy*.

Optat Ehippia bos juger; optat arare caballus.

MR. P——.

O imitatores! servum pecus.

MR. SOUTHEY.

The *laureat* rumbling, rough and fierce,
With arms, and George, and Brunswick crowds the verse,
Rends with tremendous sound your ear asunder;
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder.

Pope.

MRS. C——.

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras,
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi somnos adimunt; amatque
Janua limen.

Horace.

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging if your judge be Page;
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
Trick'd by her love, or libelled by her hate.

Pope's Horace.

Ruin ensues, disease, and endless shame.

Fair Penitent.

A PROJECTED MARRIAGE.

Q. Come here, my boy, and tell me if there be a rhyme for *porrenger* ?

A. The Prince he had a *daughter fair*, and gave the Prince of Orange *her*.

A LATE DISCOVERY, *inscribed to Lady M——th.*

My old man cam hame i'the morn, and hame came he ;
And there he saw a pocket book, where nae book should be ;
Oh, whence came this pocket book, my bonnie wae.

"Pocket-book," quo' she, "a ! pocket-book," quo' he,

"It's only a needle-case my mither sent to me."

"Far a' ha' been, and mickle ha' I seen,

But a needle-case with razors in't saw I never nane."

Scotch Song.

BONAPARTE.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let history's page decide,
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign ;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain,
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain ;
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait,
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost ;
He comes, nor want, nor cold, his course delay ;
Hide blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day.
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands ;
But did not chance at length her error mend ?
Did not subverted empire mark his end ?

His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a pirate band;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, and adorn a tale.

Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS,

Occasioned by a late Trial at the Court of King's Bench,

By JOHN MITFORD, Esq.

(Concluded from page 371.)

HER R—— H—— expressed a wish (as Lady Perceval said) to have such a mansion as Burlington-house, there to hold her little court-parties, &c. &c. and not to interfere with Carlton-house further than form at times might render necessary.

The wish for exculpation, the threats to print the Book, the letters made public, all had in view the establishment of a separate court for her Royal Highness; who, her ladyship said, would never give them a moment's rest till she had her full and just rights. This was our constant theme, and for this hall of Odin in the clouds, did her ladyship unceasingly toil, till tropes and figures were nearly exhausted. As I did not attend to raise a mob, I received a letter from her ladyship to the following effect:

Bridgewater-house, 12 o'clock.

"So there was nothing done yesterday, and all pass'd on quietly. This will not do; we must keep them constantly on the fret; never let them be out of hot water till they come down.

"—— goes to Kensington on Tuesday, and will be in the Park about one; if the horses can't be taken out, great applause might be easily obtained.

"I have set all friends to work, and you will all meet there. Do not disappoint us this time, and come down as soon as it is over, or write. Both write and come yourself; I want your letters to shew.

"The opera is not settled as yet, so don't depend upon what I told you thereon. There are two Examiners for you in Curzon-street. Adieu, and be on the alert.

John Mitford, Esq. Crawford-street.

"B. P."

To be delivered speedily.

On this occasion neither did I attend, though Mr. Perceval Speechley called on me for the purpose. Whatever her lady-

ship was capable of doing, I, for my part, could not descend to rake the kennel for popularity to support a cause which would have been disgraced by such meanness; and which, if fixed upon the basis of innocence, wanted no aids derivable from so vile and polluted a source.

Lady Perceval had directed me to read a contemptible publication, called "The Memoirs of Caroline, P—— of H——," and give her my opinion thereon, as many had been so foolish as to believe it to have been written by her Royal Highness. I told her I had looked into it, but it was too paltry even to be looked at again. Her ladyship remarked, "that whoever wrote it had a perfect knowledge of many transactions that had occurred in the Duke of Brunswick's family, and that an aunt of H. R. H. the Princess of Wales had so acted, and was treated nearly as described in that book."—"The idea," continued she, "of making such a woman as her Royal Highness in love with an Irishman is very laughable; for, as her Royal Highness told me, the person with whom she was in love in Germany was the finest and most accomplished of mortals." These are her ladyship's very words.

Lady Perceval described her Royal Highness to me as a sort of enthusiast both in love and friendship, and that her Royal Highness said, a man who loved her to day must be capable of loving her equally well after an absence of ten years. I decline any thing further than calling to Viscountess Perceval's recollection, the words which she told me were made use of by her Royal Highness to Lady Douglas, and which led to one of the vile calumnies asserted by that lady. Her ladyship will understand me.

At this time her ladyship had taken a house in Dartmouth-row, Blackheath, which she re-baptized Perceval-lodge. I went down with her ladyship, and remained upwards of a week, only coming daily to town with materials for the newspapers.

Mr. Magrath now became very useful to her ladyship, and the Pilot was enriched with many of her lucubrations. As a son of St. Patrick, Mr. Magrath was appointed to attend the anniversary of that saint, for the purpose of getting the health of her Royal Highness applauded, and that of Earl Moira censured. In the former he succeeded, but in the latter he failed, as it was drank in silence. The same night he brought his report to head-quarters in Abingdon-street, and a courier was

dispatched with the account of his operations, which her ladyship took down from his dictation.

The event of Mr. Cochrane Johnstone's motion, I was informed by Lady Perceval, created a considerable ferment at Carlton-house. Lord Yarmouth, who always stood high in her ladyship's consideration, she represented as exclaiming, on his entering the royal residence, "By God, my brother has ruined us all!" and then stated my Lord Castlereagh's famous speech. We also understood that his lordship was not admitted into the Prince Regent's presence for ten days after; and her ladyship said, they were quite sanguine as to turning out the ministry.

I understood that her Royal Highness, at this period, was particularly incensed and hurt; for that, since the chance-meeting with her daughter, an order had been given for the coachman of the Princess Charlotte to drive out of the Park whenever her royal mother's carriage entered it. This we stated to the public, with observations thereon.

Her ladyship wished to have it known that the Princess Charlotte was uncommonly attached to her mother, and afraid of her father. This circumstance, together with some remarks on the friendship subsisting between the Duke of Cumberland and his illustrious brother, I was to have thrown out in paragraphs. Her ladyship well knows why I refused to take up a position on such delicate ground; and from that knowledge she may perceive I have it in my power, if I please, to deal with her in a manner that her conduct to me merits; but I decline exposures, which, to the callous heart, are productive of neither shame nor repentance.

Why the Duke of Cumberland was so little respected at Montague-house I am a total stranger to. I was told, that her Royal Highness detested him, and I could not please her better than by lashing him in the public papers. Being unacquainted with the virtues or vices of the royal duke, I never attempted to gain favour by such dishonourable means.

Her ladyship gave me a fact to make use of in the Star, viz. that Captain Manby had received an anonymous letter, requesting a meeting at the Cocoa Tree, in the Haymarket, distinct from that wherein he was offered twenty thousand pounds, &c. By the advice of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales he went thither, and met Colonel M'Mahon, who accosted him with a bow, and said, "Did you want me, Captain Manby?"

who answered, "I came here merely to inform you that I am not such a scoundrel as you and your employers take me to be." He then hastily pulled the door to, and walked down stairs.

I shall not mention any thing of the conversations, minutes, and letters, which Lady Perceval employed me to write, but whenever her wisdom makes them public, I am ready to explain the use they were intended to be made of, had I not so unfortunately made my escape from the toils in which I was daily getting more involved.

A visit, that had proved of sufficient cause to alarm, had been made at Kensington-palace; and the account of it was engrafted upon one of her ladyship's stinging productions; but neither as a whole, nor mutilated, would the timid editors publish it. I believe it was even too strong for Mr. Magrath's Irish stomach, who was often closeted with her ladyship, preparing matter for the evening Pilot. It appeared that an apparent gentleman, tall and clad in black, had gained admittance into the palace, where he saw a servant boy, whom he questioned impertinently as to the visitors who came there; he was particularly inquisitive of a female servant whom he also saw there, enquiring whether she succeeded Mrs. Godsden, and if she made the beds. He wished to see her Royal Highness's bed, and made towards the apartment, as if acquainted with the house. The arrival of the page put a stop to his proceedings, and he retired before the page had time to resolve how to act.

Her Royal Highness considered this person as a spy from Carlton-house, for the purpose of tampering with her servants; and as the secret re-examinations were going on, Lady Perceval ordered me to make the most of it to the public.

Her ladyship desired me, as she averred, at the command of her Royal Highness, to let the Star know that Sir John and Lady Douglas were lodged in St. Alban's-street, to attend Mr. Conant at Carlton-house; and that Sir John's pension of four hundred pounds per annum was granted upon the representation of her Royal Highness, to whom Lady Douglas was always pleading in *forma pauperis*. This anecdote I was scolded for not panegyricizing in language sufficiently strong for such generosity on one part, and ingratitude on another.

Her ladyship gave me a letter for Claudius Stephen Hunter,

then Lord Mayor. I have nearly forgotten the purport of it, though it was read to me. I recollect, however, that it was very fulsome, and soliciting his aid on some city affair relative to her Royal Highness. After dinner her ladyship changed her mind, (which she was in the habit of doing fifty times in a day) and ordered me to put it in the fire; observing, "he was too much of a ladies-man to be trusted, besides being a f—l, as at the drawing-room he had addressed her majesty by the appellation of "your grace!"

Sir C. S. Hunter had a plan in contemplation to have her Royal Highness dragged from the Opera to Warwick-house. Tickets were distributed for the purpose, and stations given to various people; amongst the first, Mr. Magrath. Lady Perceval was in town, and had even sent me home to dress, when her Royal Highness notified, much to her credit, that she had altered her mind.—Nothing could surpass the chagrin of the Viscountess at this determination. But latterly, all her ladyship's plans were combined with danger; and I considered this event as one of my fortunate escapes.

Lady Perceval was over at Montage-house, and with both her ladies in company with her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, when Mr. Collatin Graves called and sent in his name, requesting the honour of an interview with her Royal Highness on important business. As he refused to tell it to any one, after some consultation he was admitted.

Her Royal Highness received him sitting; Lady Perceval, and the ladies standing behind the chair. He commenced with many apologies and expressions of zeal in the cause of her Royal Highness, lamenting the limits that had been drawn betwixt her and Warwick-house; and said, that from the influence he had with Lord Liverpool, he would undertake to have those restrictions removed—indeed, he said he was authorized to make a proposition to that effect from Lord Liverpool and the party opposite. Her Royal Highness politely declined any communication with Lord Liverpool through such a medium.

Her Royal Highness supposed he had been sent as a spy, and merely to try if she was so weak and imprudent, so forgetful of her own dignity and decorum of character, as to accept the proffered mediation of this man. Lady Perceval said he was the son of Lord Graves, whose extravagance had

tired his father's pocket, and whose conduct had lost him his affection. He was now a hanger-on at Carlton-house, and was admitted to a game at billiards, or a hand at whist, amongst the great bucks, when no one else could be had.—Mr. Collatin Graves must not be offended with me, for I only repeat the words of her ladyship, not my own; and it is necessary, in completing my justification, that I be particular to the very *minutiae* of this occurrence, as the mention of Lord Liverpool in it forms one of the reasons which induced me implicitly to believe in the genuineness of those letters delivered to me shortly after by Lady Perceval, and since pronounced to be forgeries by her ladyship.

I know Mr. Collatin Graves only by name, and I never yet did form my opinion of any man's real character from the praise or censure bestowed upon it by Lady Perceval.

Her ladyship now roundly attacked me on the transformation of my person, and said, "that she had it in command for me to do so, as it was of particular consequence to her Royal Highness that I should not be known."

With these commands I instantly complied—it appeared so much like something worse than deception, that at Mrs. Mitford's request, I had hitherto avoided a compliance. However, my hair was cropped and powdered, my whiskers scraped entirely off, a coloured handkerchief placed round my neck, and he who entered Perceval-lodge, a man of eight and twenty, left it next morning fifty in appearance, and, like the house, rebaptized by the name of *Smith*, a name which, by the bye, Mr. Perceval and all the family always addressed me with when in public.

One motive for my thus assuming a fictitious name was the dread entertained by Lady Perceval in case my real one was heard by chance by any spies lurking about the newspaper offices, who might trace me to Curzon-street; and, from her ladyship's intimacy at Montague-house, draw the inference that she was the intermediate agent between her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and the public journals.

What made her ladyship so uncommonly fearful of having her name disclosed in any of the concerns which she directed, always appeared a mystery to me. I never once quitted her presence that she did not caution and question me as to keeping secret her name. It was on the evening of Saturday, March 20th, I

think about eleven o'clock, that Lady Perceval came from Montague-house, and I remarked, rather at an earlier hour than usual. She drew two letters from her ridicule, and gave them for me to read, remarking that Lady Anne Hamilton had requested her to reply to them as she thought proper. One of them was from Mr. Phipps, editor and proprietor of the News, (which letter I saw published in that paper of April 11th); the other was from a man who gave his address, I think, at Murray's printing-office in the Strand, with an offer of a private press, setting forth the advantages which might be derived from it if her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales chose to set it in motion.

Her ladyship desired my opinion upon both of them. She coincided with me in thinking, that the offer of the private press should be politely declined. Her ladyship immediately penned a note to that effect. The letter of Mr. Phipps required and merited more attention. I remarked, that as the Star had, in her ladyship's opinion, not been sufficiently courageous in the cause, she had now a fair opening to secure a paper that, unsolicited, had hitherto been both an able and sound advocate for her Royal Highness. To refresh our memories we looked over several numbers of the News that were then on the table.

Her ladyship said, that "it was the wish of her Royal Highness to accept the offer of Mr. Phipps, as such a paper would soon be wanted; but we are afraid he will want money, and we have none to give." I urged that he did not write like a person who wanted money, but who wanted information; and that it was a proof of his disinterestedness, his having previously and without official support, thrown down the gauntlet of defiance before the enemies of her Royal Highness. Her ladyship then questioned me concerning the general character of Mr. Phipps, of which I could give no information, having never in my life heard of him until that evening.

I was then desired to write a reply to his letter, in the name of Lady Anne Hamilton, whose name, her ladyship then assured me, she had authority to make use of on all occasions wherein her Royal Highness was concerned; adding, with a significant smile, in allusion to what she had told me of her becoming one of the ladies in waiting, "I hope I shall soon have a right publicly to make use of my own."—I did write a reply, but as it was not in etiquette to mention her Royal Highness on such an

occasion, her ladyship took the pen and wrote what appeared in the *News* of April the 11th.

She then proceeded to give me instructions verbally, the principal of which was, that if I liked the appearance of Mr. Phipps, and thought from his conversation that he could be depended upon, I might assure him of some important documents relative to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales for his next Sunday's publication. I slept that night upon the sofa, and next morning proceeded to town before breakfast. The letter to the printer who had offered his private press I put into the post, as her ladyship did not deem it of sufficient consequence for me to deliver in person. Her ladyship before we had separated the preceding evening, gave me, she said, "the commands of her Royal Highness," to which she added her own admonition, that I should on no account give Mr. Phipps any other name than my new one of Smith.

With this name and address I had to deliver to a stranger, the proprietor of a reputable paper, a letter of thanks from Lady Anne Hamilton, and a promise of communications of importance; which promise, I was given to understand, was handed down to me from her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

Bad as my foes have represented me, this did not accord with my ideas of right. Yet I promised her ladyship her commands should be obeyed. I reflected, on my walk to town, on the probability of Mr. Phipps, or any of his friends, who might happen to call when I was with him, having seen me before, and so possess a knowledge of my name; in which case I should be placed in an awkward predicament, either to be kicked out as an impostor, or at all events, to possess the mind of Mr. Phipps with the idea that we were all no better than we should be, and did not mean to act fairly and honestly by him. I stated these reflections to Mrs. Mitford, and her advice fixed my wavering resolution, and I determined to make use of my proper name in delivering the letter to Mr. Phipps.

It was afternoon before I could reach Bridges-street, owing to my having first gone to Crawford-street to consult with Mrs. Mitford. I sent up my name, was politely received, and delivered the letter written by Viscountess Perceval for Lady Anne Hamilton, into the hands of Mr. Phipps. I am not possessed of a particle of Lavater's science, nor am I capable of "read-

ing men" at a first interview. Mr. Phipps appeared to me a gentleman, and I told him, as permitted, "if I liked him, that some important information should be given to him in a few days."

The following day, Monday, being the 22d of March, Mr. Perceval and Mr. Perceval Speechley called upon me, and I accompanied them to Blackheath in the carriage, after we had dined in Curzon-street. Mr. Perceval said his mother was particularly anxious to hear my opinion of Mr. Phipps, and that she would not go over to her Royal Highness until she had seen me about him.

On my arrival her ladyship took down in writing from my recollection what had passed between Mr. Phipps and myself, and remarked "that her Royal Highness would be much pleased, the Star being too cautious ever to do much good, and the Pilot not being very respectable, and will look to the News in future as chief advocate."

Her ladyship, "as Mr. Phipps appeared to be a gentleman," did not disapprove of my having given him my real name; she had also in the interim betwixt my departure from and arrival at Perceval-lodge, seen a gentleman who had given a high character of both Mr. Phipps and his paper, and her ladyship told me that her Royal Highness was much satisfied with me and my report.

Next day, Tuesday, March 23d, we had a long conversation concerning the Princess Charlotte of Wales, which was renewed early on Wednesday morning. It related to the difficulties she, the Princess Charlotte, had to overcome in gaining permission to visit her illustrious parent, and nothing but the most undaunted firmness on the part of the daughter had drawn a reluctant permission from the father for that purpose. Her ladyship stated particulars to me, which, if true, (and far be it from me to doubt the word of a noble lady) are better buried in oblivion than circulated in the face of day. Her ladyship read to me two letters which had passed on this delicate subject. I have some general recollection of the contents of both; but as I may err, I shall not trust to my memory, in a case of such importance. Her ladyship copied them off twice, and said that she would have them inserted in the News.

The following morning, Wednesday, the 24th of March, her ladyship did not come down to breakfast, and sent me word that I was to proceed to town, about some private business she

had told me, and the packet which required revision should be sent to me at the office of the News.

I waited at the office on Wednesday, but no packet arrived; and on Thursday morning early Mr. Speechley brought me a letter from her ladyship, saying that the death of the Duchess of Brunswick prevented them from publishing the letters.

I went to Blackheath that evening, at her ladyship's urgent request, and returned next morning, (Friday, the 26th of March), with a budget of remarks for the News: and, amongst others, those which appeared in the News of March 28th.

The circumstance of Captain Manby being offered 20,000*l.* to compromise his honor, had often been told to me by Lady Perceval, previous to her ordering me to have it published. The statement relative to the "two-penny post letters," and the manner in which the Duchess of Brunswick's will was delivered to her illustrious daughter, I saw copied from the handwriting of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales by Lady Perceval.

Her ladyship seemed to be in doubt, and expressed herself so to me, whether her Royal Highness would have these anecdotes made public or not. At twelve o'clock, or later, these doubts were removed by the receipt of a letter written jointly by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and Lady Anne Hamilton. Lady Perceval handed me the letter across the table to read. It was written in such a blotted and scrawling manner, that I returned it to her ladyship without being able to decypher a single line in it. Her ladyship found nearly as much difficulty. It contained directions to insert the before-mentioned paragraph in the News, with other matters of no importance to the public, though necessary for me to bear in memory.

If her ladyship's convenient memory hath forgotten this, I will bring it to her recollection. When I handed her the box, in order to her placing this amongst other letters of her Royal Highness, she shewed me a lock of her Royal Highness's hair; and said, "if I minded myself, I might hereafter be honored with such another." My vanity, however, never led me to aspire to such honours; and had I been ambitious to possess so desirable a relic, I had many opportunities of being guilty of "A Rape of the Lock." But by me, at that time, a curl of her ladyship's wig would have been esteemed equally valuable.

On Saturday, March the 27th, I waited upon the editor of the News, as Lady Perceval had intreated me to bring down that evening a proof, if I could obtain it in time, of the remarks which they relied upon Mr. Phipps would make in support of the cause. Mr. Perceval Speechley accompanied me, and having obtained what was required, we took leave of Mr. Phipps, and rode down to Blackheath in Lady Perceval's carriage.

Next day, Sunday, March the 28th, I was told a long story of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent refusing to permit Princess Charlotte to visit her royal mother, until the Princess Charlotte carried it as before, by "insisting upon it." Letters concerning this event were to be sent to me at the office of the News, but never came.—I was also sent for to Blackheath on the morning of Tuesday, March the 30th, when her ladyship having sent every other person out of the room, told me, she had letters of great consequence indeed to publish, and that Mr. Phipps appeared to her the man most likely to do them justice. I went out with her ladyship, and had a sight of those letters—her ladyship having much business on hand, she informed me we should not meet before eleven at night. During the day, accompanied by Mr. Speechley, I went down the hill to Mr. Bidgood's. We had heard that Lady Douglas and him were seen conversing in the Park, and being both strangers to him we were ordered to reconnoitre. In this we failed; for Mr. Bidgood appeared too stupid to be worthy of attention, and his wife seemed to be aware of our errand.

At eleven o'clock Lady Perceval commenced writing, and by twelve sent every one to bed. The servants were told that they need not wait, as I should sleep upon the sofa.

Her ladyship said the experiment they were going to make was a dangerous one; but that something must be done to compel them to give a proper establishment to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. I then copied from a manuscript, in the hand-writing of her ladyship, those letters which have been so celebrated under the name of forgeries.

The spirit of John Bull, it was remarked by her ladyship, was dying away, but this would render him clamorous. In describing the danger to which I should be exposed, her ladyship said that it would be absolutely requisite for me to be out of the way for a few weeks after the publication of the letters. She had at first thought of lodging Mrs. Mitford (who was also

not be seen) and me, at the Tiger's Head, at Lee; but upon reflection that was too near Blackheath, so she had settled it that we were to go to the mother of her friend Hardcastle, who resided at Woolwich, where we should be perfectly safe.—Let Mr. Hardcastle deny this if he can.

I was then asked, “if the worst happened whether I would submit to be confined in Whitmore-House till all was settled,” as it would be at least 2000*l.* in my way when it was over.—To this I signified my assent; but said, that I could not perceive the danger which her ladyship was so anxious to provide against. The danger was, said her ladyship, in my being brought to the bar of the House, which, as I knew so much, would be very unpleasant, as it was intended to keep me in reserve, in order to be unexpectedly produced.

Believing it to be my interest to coincide in all her ladyship's opinions, I never hesitated at adopting her sentiments and pursuing her advice; and nothing at this time could be farther from my mind than that the letters in question were forgeries. If they are forgeries, I never gathered from her ladyship's conversation for what purpose they were intended, unless to draw the public attention towards “compelling an establishment to be granted her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales:” and if such was the object, many less objectionable methods could have been devised; and it was hardly possible for any one to be more feeble or lamely executed than that which was adopted.

I was never consulted about these letters further than I have stated;—never saw them, until that morning; and never again saw the manuscript from which I copied them in the evening; whence her ladyship got them, and why she published them, is her own secret. I have explained how far I was concerned, and it is for the public to judge who has been imposed upon, Lady Perceval or myself. I have displayed no symptoms of conscious guilt; flying from the custody of Mr. Warburton cannot be accounted such; nor avoiding the blood-hounds so unjustifiably sent to arrest me.

Her ladyship's own letter proves that she sent for Mr. Phipps to compromise matters. Her sending also for Mrs. Mitford to Blackheath, persuading her to place a mad-house-keeper over me, and soliciting her to get me to write a disavowal on her ladyship's part, for which she said I should be made indepen-

dead for life, (Mrs. Mitford is ready to testify this upon oath); and finally, by surprize procuring an injunction to prevent the publication of her letters:—if these are not symptoms of guilt they argue an imbecility of mind, which the “arbiter elegantiarum” of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales does not possess, and is not to be found in those legal advisers, the loquacious Mr. Hart, or the nervous and pithy Mr. Holt.

To return to the letters,—Her ladyship directed me to tell Mr. Phipps to announce them by hand-bills and advertisements, and at the same time placed in my hands a note, which she said would give me, as well as Mr. Phipps, the most sensible satisfaction, and from that I might judge what I had to expect if I remained firm to the cause. That note I conceived to be intended principally for the attention of Mr. Phipps, and into his hands I unhesitatingly resigned it at his request; a fac-simile of which was originally published in the News of April 18th. —I shall here merely remark, that I have frequently seen the hand-writing of her Royal Highness, and I believe it to be the same.

On Friday, the 2d of April, I gave this note to Mr. Phipps, when I called concerning the letters which I had delivered to him on Wednesday, the 31st of March, in the evening, as I had been commanded to do by Lady Perceval. The manuscript comments of Mr. Phipps I took down to Perceval-lodge; her ladyship approved of them, placed them in her ridicule, and I never saw them more. I requested, however, her ladyship to return them to me for Mr. Phipps; when she replied, “he must do without them, for they are gone from my hands.” I felt deeply hurt at this, but her ladyship did not allow me an interval to remonstrate, as she hurried me to town to bring Mrs. Mitford down to Woolwich, where she promised to call upon me on Sunday morning.

On my arrival in Crawford-street on Saturday, I learnt that her ladyship had written to prepare Mrs. Mitford for her departure, and at the same time to desire her, previous to leaving town, “to destroy all the letters of her ladyship she could find in my possession.” Mrs. Mitford had actually destroyed a number before I came. This instantly opened my eyes, and I saw that whatever danger there was, it was intended that I alone should be exposed to it.—The destruction of her ladyship’s letters, thus ordered without my knowledge, convinced me, that I was to be sacrificed to serve some dark design of her lady-

ship, by thus depriving me of every means of defence which I might derive from such authentic sources.

I do not know that I was ever in such a state of agitation. I now saw every hope blasted, and all my fears realized;—yet still Mrs. Mitford stood up in defence of her ladyship against me.

On Sunday morning Mr. Speechley and Mr. Hardcastle called upon me, to say her ladyship wanted me instantly at Blackheath, on Mrs. Mitford's account. I dissembled my resentment, and went down in the carriage.—I found her ladyship much perplexed; she told me things had so turned out that she would be ruined if I did not take all upon myself. This I firmly refused to do, and was proof to every art of persuasion.—Her ladyship vehemently asserted it would be more than 2000*l.* in my way, and had recourse to the "*sacri fontes lachrymarum*" in vain. I saw myself a selected victim. I abhorred the persons and means by which I had been placed on the altar of sacrifice; and, amidst a clamour of threats and intreaties from her ladyship and family, I seized my hat and hurried from the house, with a resolution never to see it or its owner any more.

Thus, on Sunday the 4th of April, 1813, terminated my acquaintance with Lady Viscountess Perceval; and the public are now fully competent to judge upon whose head the crime rests of having issued documents to public notice alledged to be forgeries.

The part which Mr. Phipps, the proprietor of the News, had in this complex business is well known. In his paper he has exculpated himself from even a shadow of blame, and to that I refer my readers. He received every thing direct from me, and I from Lady Perceval. Deeply as Mr. Phipps has been involved with the public, harassed as he must have been both in body and mind through my means, he was aware I was innocently the cause; the agent, and not the principal, in deceit; and he has manfully scorned to be biassed against me by the numerous calumniators of my name, who descended from Blackheath upon his office like a legion of Cyclops, in pursuit of the sheltering bark of Ulysses.

I shall briefly observe, that revenge, and not justice, was the object of Lady Perceval; for since the period I made my escape from the myrmidon she had persuaded Mrs. Mitford, from "benevolent" motives, to place over me, and having in vain tried once more to seduce Mrs. Mitford with "honeyed

words," her ladyship has had several police officers employed to secure my person. Four of them, armed with pistols, entered my lodgings by force. Wherever I was in the habit of going, they were stationed: in Crawford-street—at Chelsea—and at the office of the News. My boy, an infant of three years old, was applied to by Mr. Speechley to find where his father was. There is such a degree of baseness in thus endeavouring to make the innocent babe a mean of adding to its father's misery, that the thought could only have been engendered in the brain of a demon; that babe, too, of which young Mr. Perceval is the godfather!

I have as much as possible, in the present narrative, avoided all mention of my own private concerns. I have already stated that I had long ceased to rely upon Lady Perceval's word—when a newspaper was to be bought over, in two days a place could be procured for the purpose; but when he who had sacrificed his time—his health,—the comfort of his family,—and, finally, his peace of mind, dared to put in a claim, it was evaded by a thousand paltry equivocations, which, though I had sagacity enough to discern, were only intended to keep me in fetters, I had not resolution sufficient to fly from her presence, who, though doing me repeated injustice, could almost persuade me against my reason that she was my best friend. With respect to saddling the letters upon me, how her ladyship could ever think the public would credit that so humble a being as myself should presume to risk so daring an action as to fabricate papers of such importance, I am yet at a loss to judge.

What object could I have in view? or what motives?—on my part they could neither serve the purposes of ambition, vanity, nor avarice.

I have, in the course of our connection with newspapers, had documents in my possession for which no doubt editors would gladly have paid; but poor as I was, that poverty never made me descend to meanness. I have lost much by her ladyship; but I have gained a lesson which will operate beneficially on my mind till the power to think and act for myself takes its last flight before the shadows of the grave.

I have studiously avoided, as far as I could, and yet preserve consistency in my statement, all mention of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The feelings of that illustrious female must have suffered, and that keenly, from the imprudence of one of her bosom friends. That Viscountess Perceval

was, and perhaps yet is, a bosom friend of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, I myself well know from a thousand circumstances, which prudence withholds me from relating to the public. But, as I before observed, I can demonstrate all I say from facts. In one of Viscountess Perceval's Morning Chronicle observations, she solemnly declares her positive conviction, that the Princess never saw, wrote to, nor spoke to Mr. Mitford; nor never had any intercourse or communication with him at any time or place, or upon any occasion whatsoever.

This is a sweeping and solemn assertion, which no person of veracity would make of another, who had ever been one hour in their life absent from their sight.—Lady Perceval's memory must again be refreshed.—Did she not desire me to conceal from every one that I was introduced to her Royal Highness twelve years ago, on board of a man of war down the river?

I thank God my perceptions are so clear, otherwise I should be confused amidst such a mass of sophistical and positive declarations, founded on falsehood for the extrication of guilt.

I have now done with Lady Viscountess Perceval, and all her concerns, I hope for ever;—but if her ladyship, or any of her family or friends, (which are numerous) call upon me a second time, I shall not be found without weapons to furnish me with a proper reply.

To use the language of her ladyship, "I solemnly disclaim every idea of goading her feelings by this publication." If in some parts it bears hard upon her gentle form, she provoked the pressure by keen, though feeble, defiance; and I have been more severe than I otherwise should have been, from a "solemn" conviction, that she is a stranger to the sensations arising from active "benevolence," and a consciousness of ever having promoted the happiness of a fellow creature.

Interest, and a regard for reputation, are never able to prevent her lapsing into indiscretions. The little learning she possesses serves only to inflame her pride, and not control her passions. She possesses a great and lofty mind, and of whatever talents she can boast, it is only ambition that can call them into action.

I trust her ladyship will benefit from the knowledge, that the tenderest heart can command the greatest fortitude when insulted by malice or oppressed by cruelty; and that deceit and cunning, like indolence and sloth, render beauty and manners hideous, wit useless, knowledge ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

THE ATTIC DORMITORY.

— doom'd by fate
To share in all the mis'ries I relate.

Dryden's Virg.

WRETCHED the man, who to a garret rude,
Without or friend or wife his woes to share,
By cruel want is driv'n. With grief he hears
The Thames-street nymph vociferate new sprats,
Or muscles hoarsely bawl: and though assail'd
By sound of 'butcher, ma'am,' or baker's call,
He's doom'd to sigh for nature's daily claims,
And finds neglect his only portion there.

But cates like those, nor well-told themes
From busy hum of coffee-room or 'Change,
Ne'er reach his dire abode; while Famine gaunt,
With all her haggard train, their vigils keep,
And strictly guard the desolated pass,
To scare the lonely few that might approach,
And soothe his varied wretchedness and woe.

Sequester'd thus, midst penury and want,
He sighs the live-long day; nor respite gains
When nightly shades, thrice horrible, surround
The gloomy walls of his lone citadel.
And oft, alas! as neither dollar, mark,
Nor Holland's trifling coin, press 'gainst his thigh,
He snuffs, cameleon-like, the savory smells
That rise obtrusive from hot joints below,
Insinuating through each time-worn gap.

E'en so grimalkin, from the varied hole,
Inhales the pleasing scent of heedless mouse,
Or more revengeful rat. Enraptur'd thus
He couchant lies, or stands insidious oft:
But if, perchance, they negligently peep,
The purring tyrant seizes on his prey,
With jaws envenom'd or disastrous claw.

But this or serves t' increase desire, or rack
His care-worn breast. At length he lies awhile

Forgetful of his woes, and respite gains
In drowsy slumbers. But, alas! ere long,
With rage redoubled, they return, and crush
Each fancied vision which awhile deludes.
Here, his imagination still on wing,
He seems to fill, so pow'rful fancy acts,
Till ev'n desire grows sick; and cuts elate
From rich sirloin, or dislocates a fowl,
And eats of food that to the gods belong,
Or nectar quaffs, amidst high goblets crown'd;
While flaming faggots from the marbled hearth
Seem to rise crackling to increase his bliss;
Till fond excess o'ercome his weaken'd frame,
Mov'd by the pow'r of this ambrosial feast,
He wakes, ye gods! and views his lone abode,
Where varied ills indignantly still crowd,
Too long his constant guests; while meagre Want,
Infortunate and loud, makes her demand.
At this he quickly starts; when 'fore his eyes,
Instead of flames his shiv'ring limbs to cheer,
And wood-hole well supplied,—a ghastly void
Detestably appears, and midnight glooms
Dispel the transient gleam of fancied bliss.

Nor these the extent of his chequer'd woes:
For damps nocturnal through th' untiled roof
Descend, and mark their fall incessantly;
While Boreas' blasts, distressing in approach,
As hoary Winter wraps his head in snow,
Find entrance, and precipitately rush
Through paper'd windows and th' unlisted door,
Benumbing every limb. Whence, horribly,
When day peeps forth with an increase of care,
Those panes that hair-breadth 'scapes have still surviv'd,
And ev'ry peril brav'd, by frosts o'erlaid,
Paint to the sight, recoiling at each glance,
Both hill and dale, and shrub, and forest tree,
Which in confusion deck the chilling scene.

J. P.

MEMOIRS OF A WIG.

MR. EDITOR,

PERHAPS the records of no age can produce a character more strongly chequered with vicissitudes than my own. During an existence of only four years, I have been the *rade-mecum* of the austere judge, and the garrulous barrister; of the sage bishop, and the laughter-loving curate; of the shrivelled miser, and the thoughtless spendthrift; and I have once had the honor to add ornament to the dignity of the first magistrate of the first city in the empire. I could many tales unfold, Sir, which would raise the wonder and alarm of society, and would open a wide field for the talents of the puritanical members of the institution for the suppression of vice. But I chanced to be present at the Lancasterian meeting a short time since, when a certain peer, upon whose head I conspicuously figured, very daringly insinuated that riches and power were certain bucklers against the assaults of these vice-hunters, who only persecuted the poor, and the friendless, and the outcasts of fortune; and therefore it might be a mere waste of time were I to expose, for the sake of correction, the wickednesses of those who are privileged to sin.

I had written thus far when my present possessor began to read most audibly Pope's satires; and, after listening with great pleasure and attention for upwards of an hour, I have entirely altered my intention, and made up my mind to give a brief sketch of my transitions, and of the events "multiform and mixt," which it has been my fortune to contemplate. You must know then, Mr. Editor, that, after much painful exertion of memory, I have been enabled to trace my origin to the taste and science of a professor of wigs in the vicinity of the Temple. The elegance of my appearance attracted numberless admirers, and I assure you I was generally considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of that art of which I was a

specimen. A very garrulous gentleman of the law, notorious for his easy impudence and self-conceitedness, tore me from my parent with just the same *sang-froid* as I have since seen and heard him brow-beat female innocence, put virtue to the blush, and endeavour to frown independent talent out of countenance. I was very soon placed upon the head of this worthy ramification of the law; and, after a rehearsal for the space of some two hours before an immense mirror, I had the honor to make my first appearance in Westminster Hall. At my entrance I was saluted by the obeisance of a hundred wigs, which circumstance I have frequently been at a loss to know whether I ought to attribute to my novel form, and striking physiognomy, or to the dignity of my wearer; be this as it may, however, it gave me some pleasure and pride to notice the distinction; some portion of my possessor's assurance instilled itself into me, and I managed to go through my part in the day's performance with tolerable credit. Not once, in spite of the disarranging assaults which I frequently endured from the fingers of my patron, did I so shift my position as to detract from the powerful effect of his harangues. A few more practical lessons perfected me in the mysteries of my office, and taught me how to take the gravity of the court, or the presence of mind of a witness by a *coup de main*; and, between you and me, my master has oftentimes, for the success of a suit, been much more indebted to my versatility of talents than to his own eloquence, or the justice of his case. My utility deserved his gratitude: yet, when the novelty of my attractions wore away, he frequently slighted me, and sometimes, in a fit of peevishness, actually threw me down most dishonourably on the floor. To a servant of my spirit this conduct was mortifying in the extreme, and I determined to be revenged. Accordingly, on one most particular day, when he had taxed his powers of oratory to the very utmost, to draw down on a free-spirited writer of the day the severity of the court, in the midst of his gestures and grimaces, of

his tropes and figures of speech, I seized an opportunity at the very climax of his oration, as he shifted my posture, to add to the emphasis of his language, and spitefully pitched forward over his forehead, struck his nose, and entirely discomposed the contour of his countenance. The shock was fatal; the thread of his eloquence was snapped in twain; he replaced me with the most violent signs of indignation; hammered and stammered; coughed and sneezed; blew his nose, and wiped his face for some ten minutes to no purpose; then made an hasty apology to the court for his incompetency; and sat down amidst the smiles of the surrounding multitude. My triumph was complete; he could not recover his composure; but, stealing the first moment of a pause in the business of the day, *pleaded* indisposition, sneaked home, and hurling me behind the fire, swore ten thousand oaths against me, and muttered something about an inclination to indict me at once for an assault, and a contempt of court. Fortunately I was too well fortified with pomatum to be easily consumed; and, after lying in this ignominious situation for some moments, I was rescued by the clerk, who, finding his master continued in an ill-humour with me, disposed of me for a dollar to a neighbouring hairdresser, who instantly put me under a course of training to fit me for the reverend pericranium of a judge.

In less than a week I was fitted for my new office, and, a few days afterwards, I mounted the elevation for which I had been prepared. My new master was a man courted rather from fear than affection. He had gained a title by his versatility and intrigues, and had great interest at court. He frequently dined with his prince, and being a *bon-vivant* as well as a "ryghte merrie and conceyted" companion, his jokes and his oaths much amused his patron and friends. This I was informed by a fellow-servant, a neat little bob-wig which my lord used to wear out of court, and as this little bob-wig considered it a particular honor to be allowed to converse with me, and to whisper to me all the secrets he could collect, I

was usually entertained during the whole night with a recapitulation of some humorous adventures which had occurred during the day. I frequently by this means discovered my master's intrigues; and although he was a judge, and, in certain cases a second Jeffries, severe almost beyond precedent on those unhappy fellows who by dint of writing had gained introduction to him in his judicial capacity, I do assure you, upon my honor, that I have heard of the names of several married ladies of high rank and virtuous reputation with whom he has been most familiar in his unbending moments. I remember to have heard one story of an attempt of his lordship to compromise with a father for the honour of the daughter, by way of bargain, bidding for her charms in speculation, until the worthy parent, provoked beyond measure, made a thrust at him with a case-knife, and compelled him to leap over a garden wall to save his life. I expected to have the matter brought to a legal issue, as his lordship threatened to compliment the old gentleman with an action for an assault, but prudence stepped in, and entered a *reaveat* against further proceedings. Ever after this circumstance, however, I discovered that whenever my master was called upon to decide in cases of *criminal* connection, he uniformly displayed an uncommon degree of tenderness towards the culprit: thus giving proof, that the consideration of his own frail nature advocated with greater force than the eloquence of the united bar, the cause of the *venial* errors in love into which others had fallen. I cannot help considering this trait as a peculiar beauty in the character of his lordship, although the licentiousness of the press has led writers to condemn it as an evidence of his having given in his *adhesion* to the devil. With respect to my own opinion, Mr. Editor, considering myself as an incompetent judge of these matters, being unfortunately deprived of those passions which constitute the chief enjoyments of your species, I shall refrain from giving it, and leave the matter to be discussed by those who are interested in defending the amenability

or the impunity of this frailty, which is common to animated nature. It was only rarely that I saw any freaks of this description, for during twelve months' residence with the judge, he did not give way to his amorous disposition above a dozen times, in his way home from court; and then it was his usual practice to lay me on a chair in the anti-room while he regaled without restraint in an inner apartment. Alas, Mr. Editor, it was on one of these occasions that the accident occurred which separated his lordship and myself. We had called on a lady of quality by appointment, whose husband was from home; she was beautiful and kindly disposed: my master had frequently made advances to her, but this was their first private interview. Her ladyship's Abigail led the way to her mistress's closet and withdrew, leaving us in a very delicate predicament. After placing me on the table, my lord threw off the judicial character, exchanging it for that of a most ardent and impatient lover. The preliminaries were soon adjusted; and the happy couple proceeded to the ratification; when, suddenly, in the midst of their happiness, a rapping at the closet-door threw them into the utmost discomposure. The same moment the female Mercury of her ladyship rushed in, *sans ceremonie*, and undismayed by the situation in which she discovered the lovers, announced her master's approach, who was even then on the stairs. Not a moment remained for invention to have scope: the straight-forward way which necessity suggested, was the only one left for adoption; and, in ten seconds, my lord, who was pretty nimble on these occasions, made a spring into the garden, leaving me to bear the whole brunt of the injured husband's resentment. It seems that some humble retainer of the latter, who had felt the weight of my lord's judicial severity on a certain occasion, and who, on that account, was pretty eager after revenge, had, by some means, discovered his lordship's weakness; and, tracing him to the house on this very evening, shrewdly suspected the motive of his visit, and immediately gave his patron a friend-

ly hint, which caused his unexpected appearance at this critical moment.

The frail fair one had not adjusted her dress, nor banished the hectic of confusion from her cheek, when her angry spouse entered the closet. His eye rapidly passed over the room, and then rested for a moment on the flushed countenance of his wife: he was not deficient in discernment; he read his shame unequivocally depicted in her varying colour, her down-cast eye, and faltering expression; and, at the instant that his suspicions had reached their climax, he unfortunately discovered me. Every apprehension was quickly confirmed: a hasty, but dreadful oath escaped his lips, as he snatched me from the table, and, surveying me for a moment, hurled me across the closet; then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed in an agitated tone, which betrayed the workings of his mind, "this may lead to further proof," he seized me once more within his annihilating grasp, and, without further remark, carried me to his own apartment, and, placing me within a large trunk, turned the key on me, and left me to my own musings.

I had now ample time for reflection on my forlorn and destitute condition. Such, methought, is the uncertainty of grandeur, such the mutability of fortune. Oh! the curse of being a judge's wig! Yesterday, I gave dignity and ornament to an illustrious brow; to-day, I am locked up in a loathsome and dark dungeon, where no air can penetrate, but I am left to die beneath the odious and complicated odours of my own composition. Through a small crevice, barely sufficient to admit a glimpse of light, I discovered that I was lying upon a regimental coat, and that around me were scattered sundry articles of military dress. This discovery, while it relieved me from one perplexity, only served to plunge me into another. I was no longer at a loss to determine the name of the injured spouse; on recalling to mind some expressions which, at various times, had fallen from my late master, and some communications from the little

bob-wig, and comparing these with what had fallen under my cognizance ; at the same time, the hope of a speedy liberation was greatly diminished, by the natural conclusion, that as it was not probable a soldier might wear a wig, the beauty of my appearance would be entirely lost on my ruthless gaoler, and I should be doomed to eternal incarceration.

In the midst of these reflections I was disturbed by the unlocking of the chest ; and, the next moment, I was rudely snatched from my concealment, and exhibited by my master to a stranger ; who, after eyeing me most attentively and deliberately, correctly estimated my rank, and advised, as the lady had received as yet nothing beyond moral contamination, that I should be returned to my owner, with a suitable and severe admonition, and a cautious menace of consequences should his lordship ever again presume to trench upon domestic privacy. The plan was agreed to ; my delight at the prospect of so early an emancipation may be better felt than related ; and that joy received no slight addition when, a few minutes afterwards, I found myself on the road to ——— square. How my lord received his reproof I was not able to learn, as I was not admitted to his presence : *my* greatness, however, was at an end ; for, I was, the next morning, thrown into a chest with an innumerable quantity of old wigs ; and, about a week afterwards, was purchased by a city peruke-maker.

Destined to undergo a new metamorphosis, I was now stripped, pruned, and regenerated into a medical wig, and speedily surmounted the *caput* of a member of the college of physicians, whose learning was only equalled by the precision and pedantry of his manners. At our first conference, I received most vile usage from this son of Hippocrates ; who placed and replaced, shook and shuffled me so roughly and so repeatedly, before he could satisfy his own taste, that I concluded he must either be utterly destitute of judgment, or that the professor of wigs had

really tortured my perfection into imperfection. . After some time, however, the adjustment was completed, and I was honoured with permission to attend my new master to a patient of quality, who was in the last stage of a dropsy, past all hope of recovery. "My dear ———," said the invalid, with an affectation which pain, nor scarcely death itself could conquer, "I am glad to see you. I am impatient to know if I may venture to Lady Babblewell's rout on Saturday evening. Remember this is only Thursday; and I must and will go, that's poz! What say you to another operation, for I must absolutely look genteel, and within these three days I am grown quite hideous?" The accommodating physician, drawing his watch from his pocket with an air which would have done honor to Adonis, had it not been spoiled by too great an admixture of method, paused and looked wise, for some forty seconds, and then with a happy equivocation, replied, "Really, my lady, it is possible, that is, probable—supposing no new accumulation should ensue to baffle nature—my utmost skill shall be exerted—I anticipate the happiest results—and trust that Lady B. will have the honor of seeing you just for five minutes." The impatient lady here interrupted the prosing pedant—"I will go, if I am carried; why all the world will be there—you are quite provoking, I declare; monstrously bearish to think of any possible impediment." "I cannot venture to repeat the operation until to-morrow night," replied the man of medicine, "and much must depend on the result." "My going shall depend on nothing but my own will. Don't talk to me about results; if you will not answer that I shall go, I will call on a more polite physician." The argument was decisive; my master bowed assent, the lady immediately brightened up, and we parted in mutual good humor. At our next call the lady of fashion breathed her last.

I very soon discovered that my master's wisdom was concentrated in myself. I was at once the source and support of his dignity; and he appeared perfectly conscious of my importance, by the great care and attention which

he paid to my preservation. From a conversation which one day passed in my presence between my dresser and a new footman, I learned that my master was originally a vender of spectacles and toys, an itinerant merchant, travelling from town to town, to procure a scanty subsistence. Fortunately, a nostrum which he compounded was successful, and the immediate consequence was the elevation of the inventor to the degree of M. D. for which he paid twenty-five pounds at a certain university. Previous to his assumption of this title, for a fee of about a guinea, he had procured from a druggist's shopman a list of the Latin names of drugs, and a few other professional mysteries, which, with the aid of a Pharmacopeia, Buchan, Willich, &c. completely qualified him for emolument among the allies of death. For eighteen pence he purchased at a sale as many old medical books as furnished him with ready quotations for every occasion, and he obtained a character for learning beyond that of any other professor of medicine of his day. I remained with my medical master about six months, during which time he dispatched, upon an average, some half dozen patients a week on their journey to the other world; and, strange as it may appear, this effectual mode of dispatching business only gained him the more patients, and seemed to enhance the lustre of his reputation.

How I came into the hands of my next possessor, a subtle, cringing apothecary, I cannot venture to say. I had lain about a fortnight, half smothered, amongst old hats, wigs, and shoes, and had travelled many journies without once seeing the light, when I was suddenly released from my confinement, and handed over to a servant maid, who appeared to consider me as a great acquisition, and immediately caused me to undergo a complete renovation. But, alas! my beauty was now plundered; all the powder and pomatum were stolen from my locks, and I was reduced to a mere skeleton of my former self, and degraded to stand behind a counter. A very brief acquaintance with this new mode of life convinced me that a treaty of offensive alliance had been formed be-

tween my last and my present employers ; and that those poor patients who, through the strength of nature, might have triumphed over the ignorance of the former, were sure to fall beneath the spatula of the latter, who never hesitated to make up the prescriptions rather according to his own ability than in conformity with the literal intention of the instructions he received. One day I was unfortunately for my own consequence, hurled by my master at an ill-bred dog, which had entered the shop for indecent purposes ; but missing the object, I was immersed in a large jar of oil, which rendered me such a disgusting spectacle that I was precipitated into the street ; where, after being worried about for four and twenty hours by all the puppies in the neighbourhood, I was picked up by a barber's boy, and carried home. All my hair was immediately shorn off, and my whole appearance completely renovated. I was soon converted into an admirable French bob, a shape very popular in these times ; and about a week ago I fell into the hands of the Count de ———. The change of affairs in his native country, I suppose, had produced the *gaieté de cour*, which he evidently possessed ; he was so completely overpowered with joy that he was capering from morning to night, and from night to morning again. I was scarcely ever from his head a moment, being considered a most valuable appendage to his person, which was naturally so destitute of grace, that every attraction it wore was palpably stolen from art. Last month we were introduced to Louis XVIII. at Hartwell, and the favourable reception which my master met with, produced so powerful an effect upon his whole system, that I was a little alarmed lest a complete insanity should be the consequence. His majesty was pleased to make choice of him to accompany him to France, in a post near his person ; and this very day, Mr. Editor, I am parading amongst the Parisians in the Thuilleries.

It is my intention to keep a diary of events during my residence in Paris ; and I shall inclose it to you for your

next publication, if you shall think it deserving your notice. I was at first violently agitated at the idea of quitting these scenes of my earliest residence—scenes endeared to me by the vicissitudes I have undergone. I have so much patriotism about me, that, notwithstanding my French metamorphosis, I still love the place of my nativity above all other spots in earth, a sentiment which, I doubt not, will ever adhere to me, though seas and continents divide us.

PERUKE, JUN.

DR. HANKIN, AND THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

IF there be any character more dangerous than another to the freedom of a great nation, and to the general interests of mankind, it is that of a specious declaimer against the abuses of liberty; a courtly and servile advocate of princely vice and arbitrary power under the pretence of rational and disinterested loyalty; an insidious advocate for all the arts of ministerial persecution, while his pages abound with professions of benevolence, justice, and philanthropy; the avowed opponent of every description of literary licentiousness, while he himself indulges in all the bitterness of invective, and all the virulence of vulgar scurrility. The kingdom abounds with the expectants of preferment, and the slaves of rank, who are seduced to the most perverse application of respectable talents by an insensible bias to that system of opinion which most completely reconciles their interest and their vanity; and the dependent in office, the aspiring rector, the neglected lawyer, and the obsequious dangles of the court, come forward with their annual contributions to the cause of legal and moral persecution; with anathemas of spiritual censure on the advocates of religious freedom, and gross and uncharitable imputations on all who venture to believe that princes are frail, judges inconsistent, laws imperfect, and men in office incapable, negligent, or corrupt.

Since the invention of the art of printing, the undisturbed circulation of every production of the press which did not undermine the religion, or directly corrupt the morals of the people, has been regarded as the peculiar distinction between a country governed by mild and equal laws, and an empire subjected to the caprices of uncontrolled and arbitrary power. The most profound philosophers have recorded their conviction of the benefits of a free press; the most eloquent orators have dwelt upon its advantages with all the enthusiasm of deep and ardent conviction; and the most celebrated and most popular poets have exercised its privileges with a spirit, and a fearless intrepidity not less honorable to themselves than propitious to the cause of intellectual freedom, moral rectitude, and personal decorum. The writings of Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Johnson, Burke, and Parr, have enforced and exemplified the utility of a press, entirely unshackled by the dread of courtly influence, and judicial interference; the nations to whom that privilege was denied have been through successive years the object of universal commiseration or contempt; and the living, not less than the departed ornaments of our literature, our poetry, and our eloquence, have conspired to eulogize, and to establish on a secure foundation the liberty "of the great palladium of British freedom."

In direct opposition to the continued and decided conviction of the British public; in defiance of those great and revered authorities who have left on record their profound and decided opinions; and in perfect opposition to every feeling and principle of decency and common sense; from what rank in life, Mr. Editor, or from what description of society, would you have expected a champion to come forward as a decided enemy to the liberty of the press, as a strenuous advocate for the extension of the law of libel, and an aggravation of the punishment it inflicts? As a petitioner to the House of Commons, and the courts of law, that they will suppress *in toto* the publication of the proceedings which take

place within their walls; as the unblushing proposer that such matters only should be inserted in the public journals as, in the opinion of the ministers and the courts, might contribute to the information and instruction of those who have inclination and leisure to read them?— It might be supposed that language and suggestions like these could only have proceeded from some shameless parasite of a court, from some servile amanuensis of a literary dependent on a cast-off mistress, or from some distressed and miserable scribbler, who

“ thro’ the broken pane

“ Eyes all the filth of Drury-lane :”

But what will the public think or say, Mr. Editor, when they are informed that they are issued from the press under the name of a **CLERGYMAN**, and under the title of “a Letter to the Earl of Liverpool.” The avowed author of this libel on the spirit, the morality, and the justice of the country is a **DR. HANKIN**, Rector of West Chillington; a preacher of the gospel of peace; a believer in that creed which was framed and established in opposition to the reigning power; an advocate of that faith which was secured and extended by the liberty of the press, and the independent intrepidity of its early martyrs! Under the garb of specious declamation against libellers and defamers, he enforces and elucidates the most malignant and the best exploded systems of political persecution; and in his zeal for the inviolability of thrones and mitres, endeavours to banish the light of day, and to consign us to a long night of ignorance, slavery, and distress.

To the comparatively perfect independence with which the English people have been accustomed to speak, write, and print their sentiments, may probably be ascribed not only the greater portion of the blessings they themselves enjoy, their fortitude and perseverance under political difficulties, but the ultimate triumph of a struggle more arduous and momentous than that of Rome with Carthage. Nothing but the general diffusion of in-

telligence would have kept us alive to the cause of Europe, accustomed us to the progress of multiplied and enormous burthens, and enabled us to look forward with hopeful fortitude. Had we been condemned to cast a hasty and imperfect glance on the real disasters that threatened us with destruction; had we beheld the character of our enemy, and the resources of our native country at a distance, and indistinctly, we should have been appalled by the momentous magnitude of the difficulties we were doomed to surmount, and involved in uncertain and distracting estimates of our own powers of perseverance and defence. The character of a united nation belongs only to a people who can encourage and inform each other by the unrestricted and spontaneous communication of knowledge and sentiment. A nation of slaves obeys the dictates of its tyrant, so long only as he leads the flower of his youth to plunder and to victory: in the hour of trial and of retribution, it is depressed and astonished by the sudden discovery of unanticipated dangers; and many halcyon years of peace and intellectual liberty are required to render its citizens happy at home, or powerful abroad.

And the instrument thus powerful in the cause of human happiness; thus sufficient in the destruction of tyranny, and the preservation of our existence as a nation, is to be destroyed, because an unprincipled libeller occasionally obtrudes his slander on the public, and the higher branches of the royal family are the objects of mercenary and malignant ribaldry! Because the Prince Regent is exposed to the smile of the populace in the shops of the caricaturist, all paintings must be subjected to legal and political jurisdiction; and because the columns of the morning papers are frequently eked out with insignificant or paltry paragraphs, the newspaper press is to be at the mercy of the senate and the police, and the people are to be deprived of all information that is not acceptable to their rulers! Dr. Hankin reasons only on the evils arising from the unrestrained licentious-

ness of the press, and prudently forgets the innumerable advantages by which all those evils are counterbalanced; he talks of libels, assassins, the violation of the truth, and the indulgence of malice; forgetting the numberless advocates of place and power; the virulence of the ministerial writers, the occasional elicitation by both parties of facts and reasonings useful to their antagonists, and the beneficial effects of public admonition. He does not surely intend to argue that all the liberty should be on one side, and that the partizans of loyalty, and the servants of the throne, should have the exclusive privilege of reasoning and accusation.

Dr. Hankin asserts "that liberty flourished most in those times when learning is unknown;" the position is either erroneous, or may be accounted for on principles perfectly consistent with the freedom of the press. The republic of Sparta will not, we hope, be adduced as a model of freedom: the population of the Athenians was not numerous nor diffused over a wide extent of space. Thirty thousand citizens, continually attending in the public halls, applauding or condemning the senators, and conversing on the subject of contention; accustomed to communicate their feelings in their games and public exhibitions, had no occasion for written vehicles of discussion or information. Athens was a moving city of political debaters. The colonies of Rome were held in implicit subjection to their conquerors, and retained only the form of liberty. The Roman citizens, though more numerous than those of Athens, possessed like them many facilities of daily communication, and many stimulants to political discussion, of which modern nations are destitute; and if Dr. Hankin be willing to adduce the Romans as examples of the difference between people accustomed to the blessings of the press, and the more fortunate nations of former ages, what do we discover but a nation of military barbarians, whose delight is blood, and whose trade is conquest; courageous only in the display of those qualities which entail on the human race devas-

tation, slavery, and death; the murderers of each other, and the destroyers of their neighbours?

Dr. Hankin observes, that the *family of no nobleman in the kingdom*, consisting of the same number of persons, has exhibited a more exemplary conduct, or displayed a larger proportion of the moral and social virtues than that of George the Third. We take it for granted that the Doctor intended this passage for an eulogy on the royal family, and not for a censure on the rest of our nobility: yet if we admit the goodness of his intentions, either his memory is deplorably bad, or his notions of exemplary conduct differ from those which are usually entertained in this repository of libellers and assassins—the metropolis. Supposing the former of these to be the case, we shall only remind him of the P—W—, T—H—, Mrs. C., Lady N—, Mrs. F—, D—S—, &c. as witnesses to whom we ask him whether he is willing to appeal for the truth of his assertions. “Some people,” as George Rose would say, “overshoot their mark,” and get entangled in the mazes of their own industrious cunning. Dr. Hankin forgot, in the enthusiasm of superabundant eulogy, how many delicate topics he was recalling to the public mind, how much scrutiny he was provoking, and how many anxious anticipations his fulsome praises would excite in the bosoms of those, whose reputation he has so gallantly come forward to defend. It requires a cooler head, we are afraid, and a more wary cunning than the Doctor possesses, to win his way to the humblest bishopric in the regent’s gift, by the path of loyal and declamatory eloquence. Had he known, before the publication of his pamphlet, how deeply the noble families which he advocates deprecate the mischievous interference of officious friends, he would have escaped the mortification of being held up to future indignation as the most prominent advocate of the most destructive species of persecution—as the patron of ignorance, slavery, and obtrusive licentiousness.

But we have a more serious appeal to make against

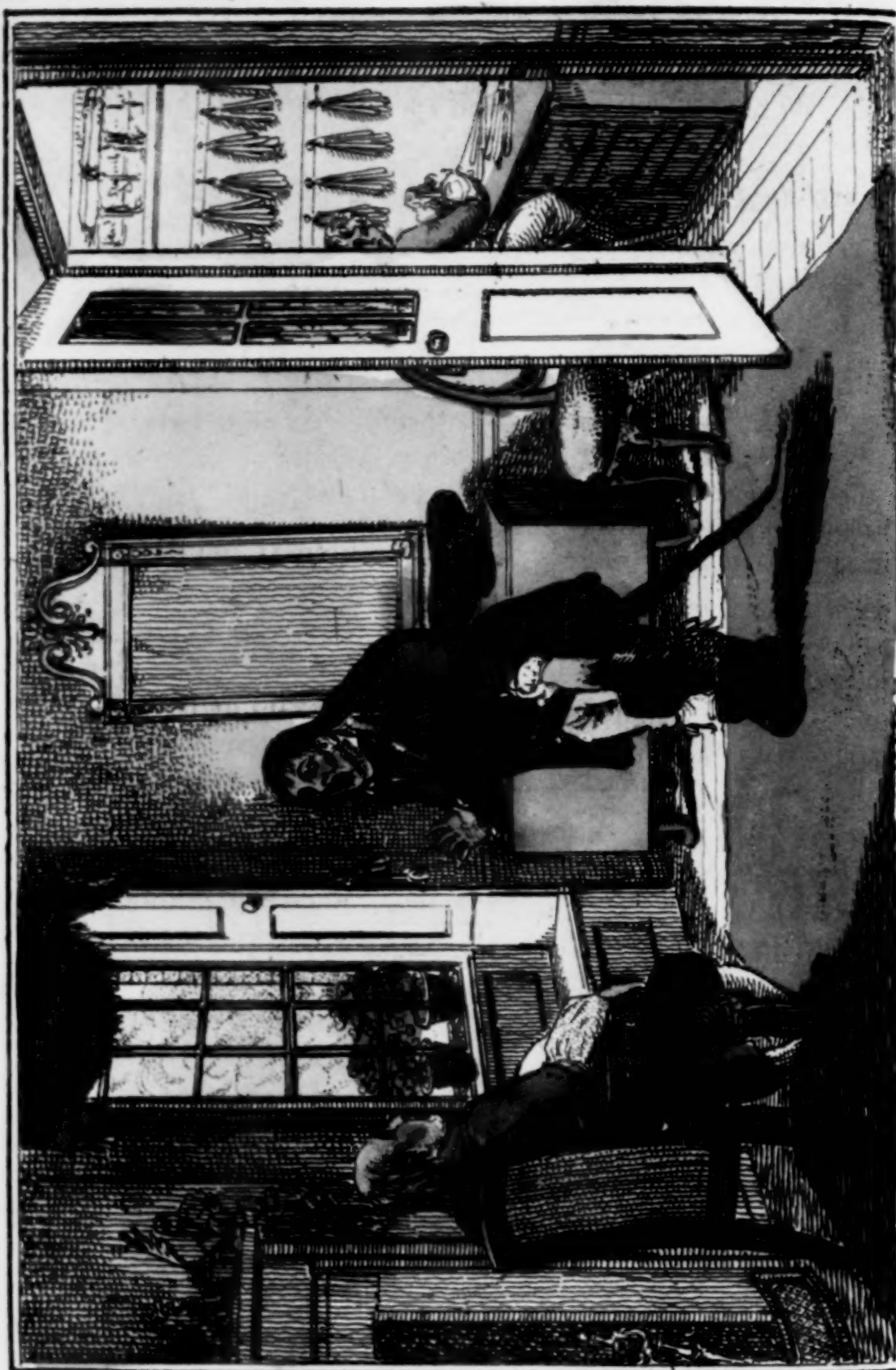
this reverend gentleman than that which is demanded by the injudicious execution of a foolish undertaking. By his sacred functions, and by the very tenor of his profession, he is bound to proclaim the word of God in all its purity: to speak the truth with boldness and sincerity, to admonish the sinner, and recal the wanderer from the error of his ways! "He shall say to the king 'tis the Lord that speaketh, and to the nobles of the land hearken to the words of the prophet." The bible allows no modification of phrase in condemning the wickedness of rank, or reproving the sins of a monarch: yet with a full consciousness of his professional duty, and with all the honors of his sacred character upon his head, does this censor of the times, and this drawcansir against every description of indecency, come forward and characterize, as "*trivial errors*, scarcely to be avoided," every violation of religion and morality, against which it is the office of the christian preacher to declaim in explicit and earnest language. Such was not the accommodating complaisance of the apostle Paul, when he denounced the vengeance of heaven against drunkards and adulterers. We leave it to Dr. Hankin to account for the difference between the author of the Epistle to Romans, and the modern divine.

THE PROGRESS OF BANKRUPTCY.

LETTER I.

*From JONATHAN CRUMP, Tallow Chandler and Soap Boiler,
to his BROTHER.*

DEAR brother, my time is so much taken up,
From the moment I breakfast, to that when I sup,
That I vow I am growing as thin as a rat,
Though up to my elbows in tallow and fat.
The cares of a business are many and great,
And mine has increased very largely of late;



Pubd June 1st 1814 by W N Jones 3 Newgate St

PROGRESS OF BANKRUPTCY Letter 1st.

But I do not complain : for, sweet as a rose,
Are the stinks that each day fume under my nose.
I toil late and soon, and my labours I find,
Like those of the scholar, enlighten mankind.
I mention it merely, by way of a reason,
For writing to you only once in a season :
As I know you'll excuse the want of a letter,
When my thoughts are employed so much for the better.

Ah BENJAMIN ! BENJAMIN ! thou silly, weak elf,
Thou'lt never have wit to take care of thyself.
Still drudging at home with your pigs and your bacon,
And devouring your money as fast as its taken.
No prospect of fortune, no hope of renown,
But buried alive in a dull country town,
Where fashion is banish'd, and taste is unknown,
And nothing but practical joking goes down,
Where your beaus think it vastly genteel to be perking
In coarse drabs, worsted hose, thick shoes, and red jerkin,
And your belles, instead of their silks and their satins,
Flaunt in gingham and mittens, black stockings and
pattens;
Then your parties, what are they but coarse hob and nob,
Where THOMAS pulls SUKEY, and SALL kisses BOB,
While your smoking and drinking, your spitting and
hawking,
Your broad vulgar laughs, and your loud vulgar talking,
Resemble a tap-room in Redriff or Wapping,
Where you're poisoned with filth, if your head you but
pop in.
How different from London, where fashion and grace,
Like satire and scandal are found in each place,
And elegant wit, with fine manners combined,
Form an exquisite feast for the sensitive mind !

I remember the day when I enter'd the waggon,
And parted from you, my dear BEN, at the Dragon ;
How you sobb'd and you snivell'd, and urg'd me to stay
To litter your pigs and to stack your new hay,
But my soul was entranc'd with the noble design
Of making my fortune, and drinking French wine,
So I set off for London, a raw country lad,
And arriv'd, with six shillings, four good, and two bad,

(By the bye while I live, I shall never forget,
 That scurvy trick play'd me at Lincoln by BET,
 Who chang'd my half crown when I paid for my bed,
 And for good lawful silver gave bad in its stead.)
 At first, to be sure, I was dismal enough,
 For matters went on a little too rough;
 When my money was spent, I'd no more in its place,
 And my belly grew slender as well as my face.
 Then I thought of your counsel, and wish'd myself back;
 Of your bacon and dumplings I long'd for a snack;
 Would have chang'd my French wine for a draught of
 strong beer,
 And my fortune—for twenty-five guineas a year.
 But my longings were vain, the die I had cast,
 And I knew if things lasted, they could not long last;
 For nothing was clearer to my simple brain,
 Than that starving a man puts an end to his pain;
 Thus from sorrow itself I extracted relief,
 And still went on grieving to die of my grief.
 So the man, who is plung'd in debauchery's sin,
 And tipples all day with Hodges' proof gin,
 Finds a solace in thinking, that tho' 'tis a crime,
 It works out its own reformation in time;
 For while every hour his habit grows stronger,
 Yet nature rebels, and endures it no longer;
 But in justice to both, as they cannot be friends,
 Makes a *spirit* of him who with *spirits* contends.

In spring, when the morning with clouds is o'ercast,
 'Tis a sign that ere noon, those clouds will be past:
 'Tis a sign that the sun, full of splendor and heat,
 Like a monarch will burst from his silent retreat.
 So I found it in life; for though gloomy my dawn,
 A few passing years, and that gloom was withdrawn.
 Ah! blest was the day when I happen'd to stop,
 And gaze on the candles in Mr. DIP's shop;
 No candles I wanted: but, nothing to do,
 Whate'er was worth viewing I wanted to view;
 And at home, my dear BEN, as you very well know,
 I ne'er saw wax taper, a link, or flambeau;
 While staring at these I beheld Mr. DIP,
 A smile of benevolence play'd on his lip:

'Twas a smile which to ev'ry sad child of distress
Seem'd to say, I would fain make thy miseries less.
So gentle, so mild, was the glance of his eye,
That sorrow was sooth'd as she breath'd forth her sigh:
And the warm tear that gush'd was no offspring of grief,
But the harbinger sweet of expected relief.
To how few, in this world, has kind Providence giv'n,
A look so benign, so expressive of heav'n;
How few, 'mid the loveliest of man's passing race,
Boast the beauty which virtue imprints on the face;
How few, while they trick out their persons with art,
Share the grace which benevolent feelings impart.

Lord bless me! how ~~moral~~ I've suddenly grown!
I'm afraid you will hardly think it my own!
But in truth, I can't help when I mention his name,
To pay the just tribute of truth to his fame.
Kind soul, as he saw me, so lank and so thin,
As hungry as death, and as meagre as sin,
How with pity he warm'd, as he beckon'd me in!
You may guess I was much too polite to deny,
When a stranger requests, we should always comply:
I enter'd: he asked me my name and my station,
Which I told him at once without reservation;
And disclos'd all those hopes that had brought me to town,
And how all those hopes had been fairly cut down.
He ask'd me no more: but, unlocking the till,
Gave me money, and bade me go dine at the Mill.
You may guess I complied with a very good will;
Twixt the head and the guts what a union there is!
When the latter are empty, how blank is the phiz!
When the latter are full, how alter'd the case,
While the pudding and beef mantle over the face!
As smug and content looks a man after dinner,
As Satan himself at the soul of a sinner.
When my bowels, erewhile so pliant and limber,
Had receiv'd their full cargo of sound belly timber;
I retreated and paid my respects to the friend,
Whose bounties began where most people's end.

To help up the fallen, and when up to leave them,
Is oft but with seeming good will to deceive them:

For if they still totter, unable to go,
 'Tis the hand that supports them which lightens their woe.
 Yet in life we still find, only that kind of zeal,
 Which films o'er the wound it professes to heal.
 Leaves the venom behind while it plucks forth the dart,
 And makes all incomplete by neglecting a part.
 Mr. DIP was not such, for he well understood,
 That art called divine, the art to do good.
 I was hungry—he fed me: was friendless and poor,
 He open'd his purse, and next open'd his door.
 Gave me labor and hire, a home and a friend,
 Life's comfort in progress, its balm at the end.
 Well cloth'd and well lodged, in the course of a week,
 Like a dowager's tabby, I grew plump and sleek;
 Work'd with glee all the day, slept contented at night,
 For my work and my conscience were equally light.
 As his shopman, at first, I soon learnt to handle
 The brittle and delicate form of a candle:
 As his journeyman next, (having taught me the trade)
 His long and short sixes, eights, and rushlights I made;
 Then as foreman I manag'd the melting affairs,
 While my master relax'd from its toil and its cares.
 Till at last when he died, he bequeath'd me some money,
 And having worked in the hive, I tasted the honey;
 Went round to the customers all in a lump,
 To solicit their favors for JONATHAN CRUMP,
 Mr. DIP's *locum teneus*, and eager in future
 To copy the diligent zeal of his tutor.

I have thus, my dear brother, unfolded to you,
 What you've often express'd a desire to know;
 The life and adventures, as far as they've gone,
 Of one whom you cherish as dear as a son.
 In my next you shall learn what further ensued;
 For the present this letter I haste to conclude.

THE REVIEWER.

Quarrels of Authors; or some Memorials for our Literary History, including Specimens of Controversy to the Age of Elizabeth. By the Author of "Calamities of Authors." 3 vols. Murray.

THE claims of Mr. D'Israeli to pre-eminence as a literary gossip have been long and gratefully acknowledged, by that numerous class of literary pretenders who converse with fluency on subjects which they have neither the power, nor the courage to investigate; who collect their knowledge of poetry and criticism from magazines or dictionaries; and pour forth with all the confidence of exuberant learning the superficial and unconnected information which they have stolen from collections of anecdotes, and repositories of wit. No man possesses more completely than Mr. D'Israeli the art of skimming the surface of literature, of supplying to the tattler at a trifling expence of thought and time the materials of tea-table learning and stage-coach eloquence; at his command the costly and ponderous quartos of Prynne and Warburton, "contract their giant bulk, and sink to pigmy size," the convenient companions of the lounge's pocket; and whole reams of controversial violence and prolixity are reduced to a form and related in a style that would not alarm or offend the most harmless reader of the *Lady's Magazine*. As the flatterers of Madame de Stael, and the humble purveyors to female entertainment, who assist the Berries at their Sunday cotarie, carefully avoid every inconvenient reference to chronology, and pride themselves on the variety more than on the correctness of their information, the trifling errors so frequently committed by Mr. D'Israeli, in his statements of fact, and his arrangement of dates, do not in the least detract from his utility. Of what consequence is it that a Macdiarmid is represented as pining with disappointment and expiring in distress, though his fortunes were prosperous, and his labours rewarded be-

yond the expectations of his friends. The lounge is indebted to Mr. D'Israeli for the information that such a person as Macdiarmid existed, that he wrote a treatise on National Defence, and that he departed this life about six years ago. This information is sufficient for display; and if the mistakes committed in the other parts of the statement be detected, the multifariousness of the speaker's knowledge is received as an atonement for its want of accuracy.

Influenced, we presume, by the conviction that his productions will only be examined by the numerous tribe who collect from his volumes the means of "shining" in blue stocking society, Mr. D'Israeli dispenses with the labour, or disdains the drudgery of recording his narratives, or expressing his opinions in the vulgar language of grammar and common sense. He appears to possess as accurate a conception of an elegant, impressive, and legitimate style, as a blind man of colours, or a savage of the elements of Euclid. Conversant with many of the third-rate authors of the age, a dabbler for thirty years in abridgment and selection, the author of a romance which obtained, by its felicitous but turgid description of life and manners, deserved celebrity; endowed with leisure, ambition, and opportunity, it is not less singular than true that this perpetual claimant on the notice of the public commits in every sheet a dozen grammatical mistakes, and communicates his knowledge and his opinions in language which would disgrace a schoolboy by its impurity, pomposity, and inelegance. Within forty pages of his *Calamities of Authors* it would be easy to prove that in addition to many gross examples of meanness, absurdity, and bombast, he has committed forty gross and evident violations of grammar and idiom. The present work, though less decidedly offensive to taste and decency, (for who could assume the office of a critic on the writings of Jonson, Pope, Warburton, and D'Avenant, without advancing in correctness of style, or without endeavouring to deserve the suffrage of the

public?) contains a greater number of flagrant trespasses against grammar and good taste, than we remember to have detected in any work committed to the public beneath the sanction of a respectable bookseller.

Mr. D'Israeli, ungifted with eloquence, or even with the common faculty of sonorous declamation, is unable or unwilling to express himself with plainness and simplicity. He delivers the most common-place opinion in all the circumlocution of laboured metaphor, and displays at the same time the intensity of his labour and the poverty of his fancy. If he speaks of the dependence of literary men on the opinion of posterity, our attention is solicited by a great variety of ingenious allusions to oblations, altars, sacrifices, salt, corruptibility and incorruptibility. "But Marvel placed the *oblation* of Genius on a temporary *altar*, and the *sacrifice* sunk with it; he wrote to the times, and with the times his writings have passed away: yet something there is *incorruptible* in wit, and wherever its *salt* has fallen, that part is still preserved." The logical correctness of the paragraph, independent of its language, exhibits a just specimen of Mr. D'Israeli's powers of deduction and reflection. Marvel's works abound in wit, *but* writing for the times, his reputation has *sunk*, as the circumstances to which he alludes have faded from the recollection of the public; yet wherever its salt has fallen that part is still preserved. In other words, his writings have passed away, and yet have been preserved.

In other parts of the work the admirers of popular "eloquence will be delighted by vital poems;" "the diseases of a poem proving mortal," ii. 223.—"knack" "dubbing,"—"nick-naming," ii. 180. Warburton's fame, "a portentous meteor, unconnected with the whole planetary system, imagined to be darting amidst new creations, as the tail of each hypothesis *blazed* with idle fancies, i. 8. "Colossal magnitude"—"glare"—"hallowed spot"—"splendors"—"asbestos"—"glowing-fires"—"sparks-flames"—"darkness" "labyrinths"—(*all within the com-*

pass of sixteen lines) i. 14. In one place we are told of circumstances that occurred while "Boyle was shewing *how* Bentley wanted wit, and Bentley was proving *how* Boyle wanted learning." ii. 129.—"Bentley *bristled* o'er with Greek," ii. 131. "*Singulari sua humanitate*, which means his *unusual courtesy*, or politeness, is translated by Mr. D'Israeli, his *singular humanity*!! "One of the legitimate ends of satire is to unmask the false zealot, to beat back the haughty spirit that is *treading down* all; and to inflict terror and silence," ii. 174. "This bold haughty and ambitious man (Parker,) was one of those who having neither religion nor morality for a *casting weight*, can easily fly off to opposite extremes, and whether a puritan or a bishop, we must place his zeal to the *same side* of his religious ledger, that of the *profits of barter*, ii. 187."

Did any of these metaphors or illustrations display elegance, ingenuity, or obvious connection with the subject, they might be applauded as communicating effect and variety to sentiments which in every critical work must remind the reader of the writer's predecessors; but how can we forgive or applaud the taste or temerity of an author, who introduces vulgar, vapid, and commonplace images from the *casting weights of a ship*, and the debtor and creditor's sides of *a ledger*, to describe the conduct of those who are neither restrained by religion nor morality, and whose enthusiasm is excited by their love of gain?

To the general scholar, or even to the accidental reader of Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, and Chalmers's *Poets*, or Reed's *Biographia Dramatica*, these volumes will communicate little additional information; while their only influence on the minds of less instructed readers will be to corrupt their taste, and initiate them into a superficial acquaintance with those parts of literary history which, if they be at all examined, should be well and completely understood. An occasional fact shining in the dry desert of a thousand lines, which has not been hitherto

elicited or properly explained, may occasionally be discovered, but we do not remember any discoveries or observations of more importance than the following :

“It appears from Lintot's book of accounts that Pope received for the *Iliad* 3203l. 4s., and for the *Odyssey* 1041l. 4s. 7½d. Dennis made of his *Liberty Asserted*, 7l. 3s., and of his *Remarks on Pope's Essay* 2l. 12s. 6d. and Gay obtained by his *Trivia* 43l.

“If Warburton read so much it was not to enforce opinions already furnished to his hands, or with cold scepticism to reject them leaving the reader in despair. He read that he might write what no one else had written, and which required at least to be refuted before it was condemned. He hit upon a secret principle prevalent through all his works, and this was invention, a talent indeed somewhat dangerous to be introduced where truth and not fancy was to be addressed. But even with all this originality he was not free from imitation, and he has been accused of borrowing largely without hinting at obligations. This was quite a new character of investigation; it led him to pursue his profound inquiries beyond the *clouds* of antiquity, for what he could not discover he conjectured and asserted. Objects, which, in the hands of other men, were merely matters resting on authentic researches, now received the stamp and lustre of original invention. Nothing was to be seen in the state in which others had viewed it; the hardest paradoxes served his purpose best, and this licentious principle produced unlooked-for discoveries. As this principle took full possession of the mind of this man of genius, the practice became so familiar that it is possible he might at times have been credulous enough to have confided in his own reveries, and as he forcibly expressed himself on one of his adversaries (Dr. Stebbing,) “*Thus it is to have to do with a head whose sense is all run to system.*” “His academic wit” now sported amidst whimsical theories, marked out subtle distinctions, and discovered incongruous resemblances, but they were maintained by an imposing air of conviction, furnished with the most prodigal erudition, and struck out many ingenious combinations; besides the importance of the curiosity of the topics awed or delighted his readers; the principal, however licentious by the surprize it raised, seduced the lovers of novelty.”

Vol. 1. page 43, &c.

We have been more explicit in our animadversions on

the book-making system adopted by Mr. D'Israeli, as every page of his productions demonstrates the most assuming confidence in his own powers, and the most enviable self-complacency; while he stands distinguished as the head of a numerous body of writers, whose compositions pervert the judgment, and administer to the idle display of multifarious reading, he becomes the just object of animadversion to the periodical guardians of national morality and taste, and as a private individual we are well aware that he is too far removed in his own opinion above the approbation or the severity of criticism to solicit or deserve independent praise, or dread judicious and impartial censure.

Ancient Drama. The Tragedy of Dr. Faustus, by Christopher Marlowe, being the first Number of a Series (to be continued monthly) selected from the Works of the most celebrated Dramatic Writers who flourished previous (previously) to the Restoration, many of whom were contemporary with Shakespeare. 1814.

WHEN it is considered what a high price is usually demanded and obtained for the productions of our early writers, whose scarcity is commonly their chief recommendation, any attempt to place them within the reach of literary men, seems an undertaking worthy of encouragement and applause. The object of the present work is professedly of this description, qualified by the judicious determination to be guided as much by the excellence, as the antiquity of the performance. To select the best, not to comprehend all, is likely to attract the general reader, but we fear, that the scholar, who is anxious to obtain a profound and accurate knowledge of that era in our literary history, will be repelled from a compilation which at best gives him but a superficial acquaintance with the topics he may be desirous to examine. This we consider to be an inherent defect in the plan, not, however, sufficiently to counterbalance the many claims which it has to public attention.

In beginning with Dr. Faustus some attraction was calculated upon from the popular character of the story.

From childhood to the grave, we suppose there is scarcely a person who has not heard of the Devil and Dr. Faustus. Marlowe has treated the legend with great poetic skill in many parts, and notwithstanding the outrageous improbability of the fiction, the reader's attention is forcibly detained by the rapidity of transition, and the novelty of situation in which the hero is placed. It abounds in all the faults of his age; unnatural conceits, elaborate antitheses, and pedantic diction; but these are occasionally relieved by some fine touches of imagination. Our limits do not permit us to go into any copiousness of extract, but we cannot resist the desire of gratifying our readers with the following. Hell is discovered to the frantic Faustus, and the Bad Angel thus addresses him:

"Now Faustus let thine eyes with horror stare
Into that vast perpetual torture-house:
There are the furies tossing damned souls
On burning forks: their bodies boil in lead:
There are live quarters broiling on the coals
That ne'er can die: this ever-burning chair,
Is for o'er-tortured souls to rest them in:
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire
Were gluttons, and lov'd only delicates,
And laugh'd to see the poor starve at their gates;
But yet all these are nothing: thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be."

The whole soliloquy of Faustus, while waiting for the dreadful hour to strike that makes him forfeit to his hellish contract, is powerfully descriptive of that tremendous horror which we may suppose would possess a man standing on such an awful brink. A well-written life of Marlowe is prefixed, and the play is accompanied with notes; but we wish the editor had illustrated some passages by a reference to contemporary dramatic literature. Mephostopholis, for instance, the familiar of Faustus, is often alluded to by Shakespeare; and in mentioning that Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich college, used to play the principal character in this play, we wonder he should have omitted to state the tradition concerning that endowment.

The Rights of Literature ; or an Inquiry into the Policy and Justice of the Claims of certain public Libraries, on all the Publishers and Authors of the United Kingdom, for eleven Copies, on the best Paper, of every new Publication. By John Britton, F. S. A. 1814. pp. 77.

THE very important subject to which this able pamphlet refers, is now under the consideration of the legislature, and it is hoped will be finally settled in such a manner as to protect the literature of the country from the depredations of opulent public bodies under the technical sanction of the law, aided by the perverse sagacity of a legal professor, whose astuteness seems to qualify him better for an attorney than a comprehensive expounder of jurisprudence. Whoever examines the act of Queen Anne, commonly called the Copy-right Act, with a mind unwarped by the habits of petty distinctions and evasive constructions, will be at once convinced that the necessity of presentation was a contingent obligation growing out of adherence to a specified form of proceeding. The legislature said to booksellers and authors, we will secure your property from infringement upon a certain condition ; if you do not think it necessary to accept the security, we do not, of course, require you to fulfil the condition : but if you do avail yourselves of that protection which we offer, we have then a right to demand what we stipulate for as the equivalent. It was a contract founded upon reciprocity of advantage ; but, according to Mr. Christian's* most unchristian explanation, it was a contract framed only to oppress the protected. The judges, however, have ratified this construction, and it only remains to appeal from the expounders of the law to the makers of it. This has been done, and we trust the wisdom of parliament will provide an adequate remedy for a most anomalous grievance.

We cannot enter into the details of this question, nor follow Mr. Britton through the whole of his conclusive

* The person who has advised the claims made by the University of Cambridge.

and satisfactory arguments; and indeed we are the less inclined to do so, because we apprehend that almost before this passes into the hands of our readers, the legislature will have determined the matter in a way that will render all discussion useless. Should it prove otherwise, however, we should then feel ourselves bound to call the public attention to the subject in the most forcible manner; meanwhile we can only applaud the liberality and energy with which Mr. Britton has treated it in his pamphlet. One error we will suggest to him before we conclude. The quotation at page 67, is not Dr. Johnson's. It was written by Edmund Smith, the author of *Phadra and Hippolitus*, nick-named *Rag*, for his slovenness of attire, and whose account of Phillips, Johnson incorporated with his own.

LINES

*On revisiting a once delightful Place, disfigured by ponderous,
unmeaning Edifices.*

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici? Hon.

When Moulton by Whorwood was possess'd,
Or Strode those precincts cheer'd,
'Twas *Beauty* by the *Graces* dress'd:—
Taste ev'ry where appear'd.

Cythera's trees, Calypso's bow'rs,
By turns attention drew;
Each feature spoke celestial pow'rs:
To lovely *Nature* true.

Alas, how chang'd the scene of late;
What heavy piles arise!
All seems as if constrain'd by state,
And loaded with *Excise*.

So when fair Greece the Turk o'erran,
Arcadia's charms expired;
Huge walls and domes, devoid of plan,
Alone were then admired.

GAUGING ROD.

The Spirit of the Public Journals;
ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

THE MUSICIAN MISUNDERSTOOD;
Or the Quarter's Salary.

A man of music, or a music man,
Either of these will suit my present plan;
Lovers of humour to my story list,
The hero of my tale's an ORGANIST:
To him dame Fortune had not been too kind;
She'd given him talent—but the man was blind;
Yet music's art, which soothes the savage breast,
Afforded means to lay his cares at rest;
A music-master scarce can want respect,
The parish thought he played with great effect;
And though churchwardens oft are men in trade,
He found his stipend regularly paid.

One year an honest seedsman fill'd this place,
When money wanting as might be the case,
The Organist and guide upon him waited,
And in the shop his business briefly stated.
"Your pleasure, Sir?" exclaimed a brisk young spark,
Who partly serv'd for shopman and for clerk;
"Why Sir, if Mr. Such-a-one's at home,
Tell him I am for a quarter's salary come."
"A quart of celery, Sir," reply'd the knave,
"Why, Sir, that in a moment you shall have."
For fun or fate had so the thing decreed,
The shopman thought he asked for celery seed!
'Twas measur'd soon, and in a parcel made
Was to the blind man's feelings soon convey'd.
"Sir, though I cannot see I still can feel,
Your master never treats me ungenteel,
I am not a man to take this kind of raillery,
Is this pray what you call my quarter's salary?
I'm not devoid of reason or of sapience—
Zounds, Sir, d'ye think I'll take this load of halfpence?"
To whom the youth—"Nor rogue nor cheat I pass for,
Here is the quart of celery you ask for."

A perfect discord now was quickly form'd ;
 The shopman bluster'd, the musician storm'd,
 Although at other times as meek as mouse,
 The deaf'ning din alarms the counting-house,
 And hence the master coming soon discern'd,
 The droll mistake on which the mischief turned ;
 The celery's emptied and the money's paid,
 A mutual explanation too is made ;
 The laugh succeeds, and harmony's restor'd,
 And hence this tale may cheer the festive board.

An idea of the *sumptuousness* and *luxury* of our ancestors may be formed from the following circumstance : — When Becket, the chancellor of England in Henry the Second's reign, was in the height of his glory, Fitzstephens (his historian and secretary) says " that his apartments were every day in winter covered with clean straw, or hay, and in summer with green rushes or boughs ; lest the gentlemen who paid their court to him, and who could not, by reason of their great number, find a place at table, should soil their fine clothes by sitting on a dirty floor."

IMPROMPTU.

The Marriage of Mr. Reynolds, the Dramatic Writer.

When Reynolds, the dramatic wight,
 Had labor'd thro' the marriage night,
 And hail'd returning day ;
 He, in his lady's listening ear
 Thus whisper'd gently, " Pray, my dear,
 " How like you this our play ?"

" A play !" replied the disappointed dame,
 " Pray call it by some other name,
 Or, *entertainment* say ;
 When you have added *three* acts more
 To the *two* we've had before,
 The *five* will make a play !"

Biblical Curiosity.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet in it.

A German was invited by an English gentleman to take "pot luck" for dinner. He would eat no roast beef, no turkey, all the dishes passed him untouched: "I do wait for dat excellent pote loock."

On a Friar.

As a dissolute wag lay dying in bed,
 "Repent, I beseech you," his good beadsman said;
 "For to tell you a secret—below in the hall
 "The devil just now did my senses appal."
 "And under what likeness?"—"Why that of an ass."
 "The fear of your shadow!—so let the joke pass."

Puritanic Piety.

At Oxford, much against my will,
 Two knights I met—Dolbein and Hill,
 And there I saw—Oh, most profane one,
 Each knight, who was a puritan one,
 Hanging of his cat on Monday
 For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

Anecdote of Sir W. Jones.

The colour of a man's life has frequently taken its first tinge from accident. On sitting one day near a pear tree in the yard of the boarding-house at Harrow, where he was at school, some of the fruit fell off, and there was a general scramble of the boys that were near the tree for it; poor young Jones had his thigh broke in the press, and was directly conveyed to bed, where he lay for a long time, and contracted a love of reading from the books that were brought to amuse him.

The Declaration of Love, by I. Neale, Esq.

My heart is gone, I can't tell how,
 But pure 's the flame I feel;
 To richer girls let others bow—
 To Mary Ann—I. NEALE.

A Pun.

'Tis said *Napolcon* has got thin,
 Reflecting on his life of sin;
 But tho' he's *Boney*, be it known,
 He's *food* for all the wits in town.

Vourneen Delish Sheelah Og !

An humble Imitation of Lord B——n's Grecian Song.

Maid of Blarney, ere we split,
Give, oh give me back my wit ;
For since that forsook my head,
Horns have flourish'd in their stead ;
Hear me swear before I jog,
Vourneen delish Sheelah Og.

By those long and oily tresses,
Never teased by comb's caresses ;
By that lid whose bristly border,
Keeps your roving eye in order ;
By that cheek as soft as bog,
Vourneen delish Sheelah Og.

By that lip, which whiskey warms ;
By that waist which fills my arms ;
By those hugs and kisses, honey,
Which have won my heart and money ;
By my groans which mock the frog,
I am yours, ma Vourneen Og.

Sheelah, now my bow I'm making,
Think of me asleep or waking ;
Though I fly to Clanawoddy,
Blarney holds my soul and body ;
Give me, sweet, a parting pog,
Vourneen delish Sheelah Og.

“*Vourneen delish*,” &c. an expression teeming with the essence of tenderness, which like some of the amatory effusions of Greece, quoted by Lord B. would lose its principal charm by any attempt to render it intelligible to the English reader.

“*Blarney*,” a romantic spot admirably described in that popular ballad, “*The Groves of Blarney*.”

“*Tho' I fly*.” Lest this should appear too paradoxical to the fastidious philosophical reader, we beg leave as an *argumentum ad verecundiam*, to quote the authority of Lord B. for so bold an attack on the laws of identity ;

“*Tho' I fly to Islambol,*

“*Athens holds my heart and soul.*”

“*Pog*” is that labial collision we call a kiss.

EPIGRAMS.

*On the late Fracas between Mr. H. S— and Sir James S—, in
the House of Commons.*

When, charg'd with *ink-stands*, these fierce foes
Made one another caper,
Two surgeons should have been at hand
Ready with—*blotting-paper* !

On the Adulteration of Flour, lately discovered at Truro.

When Truro's millers mix'd pipe-clay
With flour t' increase their treasure,
We may be sure, the *weight* was good,
But not quite so the *measure*.

On a late Speech in the House of L-rds.

While St——e *roasting* the whole lot
Of lawyers, fills the House with fun,
Lord E———h grows so hot
That he appears quite *overdone*.

On Dr. Busby's promised Discovery of Junius.

If after all the toil and pains
Of learned and unlearned brains,
This lucky Doctor's wond'rous wit
Should on the rightful author hit,
The moral of the thing seem this—
A fool may find what sages miss !

*On the Character of Sampson Miller in Kenny's new Comedy
of Debtor and Creditor.*

Why *Pugilists* should walk the stage,
One only cause I can see ;
To please the *Judgment* an't the rage,
But 'tis to please the *Fancy*.

On Bonaparte's Banishment.

Nap a good bargain surely makes,
When he for Elba France forsakes ;
Since, in the balance it will be found,
That for a *crown* he gets a *pound*

On Kean's Richard.

Kean is but *short*, some critics cry,
To strut in buskin'd tragedy;
Nor are such critics wholly wrong,
For his performance nœ'r seems *long*.

**BIRTH-DAY FEAST; or a broad Hint to a Common Councilman
of Cr—— Ward.**

I love the man who spreads the news
Of England's glories far and wide,
And o'er my country joyful strews
Green laurels pluck'd in honour's pride.
I love to see the board spread fair,
When VIDLER toasts his gracious king;
And hear those voices die in air,
His bounty made so sweetly sing.
But I do hate the abject wretch,
Who, "*common councill'd*," dare arise,
And with a miser's ardent stretch,
Draw sun-beams from another's eyes.
Yes, W——E, thou art the man,
All Cr——e would call to share,
A feast which thou didst never plan,
Of which thou never paid the fare.
Like "*Water*," putrid from the Thames—
Thou bear'st a name indeed thy own;
And like a "*house*" enwrap't in flames—
Thou form'st thy own intemperate zone.
From Cr——e thy numerous friends,
Lord how they press to share the board!
And VIDLER's generous effort ends
Where folly calls thee—mighty lord.
For shame, thou *hog in armour*! shame—
Another's bounty shun to soar;
For VIDLER's ever-honour'd name
Will live when thine is known no more.
Thy greedy phalanx, then keep off—
The festive board, oh come not nigh,
Lest generous souls at thee may scoff—
Thy *Cripple-gait*, and down-cast eye.

Theatrical Review.

DRURY LANE.

Friday, April 29th.—Twelfth Night. Intrigue. Woodman's Hut.—Miss Stanley made her first appearance this evening in *Viola*, and became the breeches much better than they became her. If it were possible to associate ideas of female modesty with stage exhibitions, it might exalt, in some degree, our pleasure by identifying the amiable, chaste, and timid character of the poet, with its scenic representative. In all its complete fulness, however, this cannot be done. We gaze upon an actress as a woman hired to please us; not as a being formed to excite loftier sentiments. Her very destiny in society becomes changed by her profession. A fool may marry her, and remove her from the stage; a madman only would do it, and leave her there. Now, though we are prepared to meet with certain violations of feminine decorum (of that high and incommunicable spirit of decorum which dignifies the sheltered walks of private life,) in one trained to the business of the stage, hacknied in the public eye, and proof against the multitudinous gaze of an audience, we seldom anticipate it in the youthful candidate for fame, in one whom we instinctively picture to ourselves as at war with modesty, and whose struggles we pity without condemning. We have many anxious feelings of sympathy for the novice whom vanity, want, or folly, thrusts upon the desperate course of extinguishing the power to blush that she may have the means to live; but Miss Stanley, on the present occasion, kindly relieved us from them all. We believe she has appeared not more than half a dozen times before the public, and those it seems were sufficient to qualify her for throwing off at once the modesty of her sex, and exhibiting her attitudes, the contours of her form, and the voluptuous motions of love, in the habiliments of a man. As she made the display, shall we tell her our opinion of her shape; what parts harmonized, and what were discordant with her attire? or shall we suggest the more instructive lesson by our silence? We prefer the latter.

With regard to her acting, it was too elaborate and artificial: it betrayed too much of the pupil fresh from the hands of her

tutor. Nature was lost in studied action and emphasis. The lisp, the mincing gait, the wreathing inflexion of body, the languid roll of the eye, and the insipid hanging of the head, shewed that she had practised before her glass, and was more anxious to look than to act the character. *Viola*, as drawn by Shakespeare, is a creature of unmingled simplicity; as exhibited by Miss Stanley, she is a coquette in breeches. We never saw affectation more exquisitely pourtrayed. It was a finished specimen of that frivolous anxiety to please which an amorous girl betrays when her passions are unrebuked by her judgment.

The other characters were well sustained, especially *Malvolio* by Downton, who delivered the soliloquy with fine and natural humour.

Mr. Holland, in *Orsino*, mouthed his love-rhapsodies in a most affecting manner: but the audience not suspecting he was serious, destroyed the impression by much laughter. Palmer played *Sir Toby Belch* as he would have played *Tag*. Knight cannot act without provoking applause; his *Clown* was as intelligible as obsolete wit and unnatural conceits could be. Mrs. Glover, in *Olivia*, assumed rather more pomp than the character required.

The amusing little interlude of *Intrigue* followed, and *the Woodman's Hut*, with unabated interest, concluded the performances.

Saturday, May 14th.—Othello—The Review.—Mr. Sowerby having very justly received that intimation from the public, when he played the character of *Othello*, which may be of some use to him, and more to his patron, who appears to err as much in theatrical as in political judgment, Mr. Pope played it this evening; and as the piece was undisturbed by that clamor which at once disqualifies the actor for exertion, and the critic for attention, we have selected Mr. Kean's second appearance in *Iago* as the fairer test of his abilities in it. We said we anticipated a successful *Iago*; and, to a certain degree, our anticipation has been fulfilled. His scene with *Roderigo*, in the first act, was well pourtrayed. The iteration of "put money in thy purse," Mr. Kean managed with great effect, varying each time the tone of voice, in which the monition was delivered, and each time increasing the effect. But in the exclamation, "Drown thyself! Drown cats and blind puppies!" he failed in expressing that profound and sarcastic contempt of *Roderigo's* reso-

lution, which the sentiment itself implies. His manner was too jocular, too gay; as if Iago merely meant to rally the despondency of his friend, instead of rousing him from it by conveying the most bitter ridicule of its pusillanimous character. And when Iago dismisses Roderigo from the stage, after having worked him to the point he desired, he gives, in one line, the very essence and comment of the scene :

“ Thus do I ever make my fool my purse.”

Mr. Kean uttered this with no marked emphasis; no concentrated energy of manner; no malignant triumph of success: on the contrary, he rubbed his hands, and with a complacent smile of good-nature, delivered the line as if he had been bestowing a benefit on his friend. Whatever hypocrisy may be supposed essential to his schemes, while the object he is ruining stands before him, yet, when his victim is absent, the toil of artifice ceases, nature throws off the mask, and the villain, plain, simple, and undisguised, ought to prevail. We remember how Cooke, (the best Iago the stage ever saw)—pronounced this line. The very soul of the poet's conception was embodied in his manner; he made it the first disclosure of himself to the audience as it were, and prepared the mind for that consummate perfidy which the progress of the drama develops. Mr. Kean's delivery of the rest of the speech was equally deficient. Malice was not sufficiently visible in his fiend-like meditation how to abuse Othello, for the purpose of revenging the injury he suspected, and that which he positively knew.

In the extempore couplets upon the character of “an observing woman,” we were much pleased with Mr. Kean's manner, though in reciting them he did not sufficiently pourtray the hesitation of a man who is supposed to be delivering an unpremeditated effusion. His utterance of the last line, “To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer,” amply justified the reply of Desdemona: “Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion.” Instead of the air of raillery that he assumed, we should have preferred to see the subtle, reserved tone and look, indicative of his conviction that, after all, a woman is but a creature fit for menial offices.

We have heard that Mr. Kean has played *Apollo* and other vocal characters, while in the country. In the drunken scene he sang the stanzas certainly with more taste and execution than are commonly found in the representatives of Iago: but

if we may trust the proverb, *ex pede Herculem*, we would not recommend him to try his powers as a singer on the London stage.

After the broil between *Cassio* and *Roderigo*, his feigned reluctance to relate the cause, and his seeming regret at the issue, were happily displayed; as were the crafty hints by which he works upon the *Moor*, in the third act, to suspect his wife. But in the whole delineation of the character, there was nothing greatly pre-eminent; nothing that soared so far above expectation or experience as to fasten upon the memory, nothing that bespoke the hand of a master. There were none of those magical touches which seem like inspiration, which subdue the judgment, and hurry the spectator into applause by the tumultuous excitation of his feelings. It left none of those deep traces upon the mind which denote in an actor felicity of conception and power of execution. The execution, indeed, we occasionally thought much better than the conception; for Mr. Kean makes *Iago* a gay, comfortable, and playful villain; a lively good-humoured rascal; a spritely, animated knave. But, unless we have read Shakespeare very inattentively, he intended a deep, subtle, gloomy, unfathomable, meditating villain; a plotting, calculating one; a man who profoundly schemes what he daringly performs. Such a character, we apprehend, Shakespeare drew; but such a character Mr. Kean does not exhibit. In him, *Iago* seems to act rather from sudden impulse than matured design; rather from momentary provocation, than from fixed and settled abhorrence. The voice of popularity, however, at present accompanies him, and he will, no doubt, mistake the enthusiasm of novelty for the sanction of criticism; but we have no hesitation in re-affirming what we first stated, that he is, and will prove to be—a limited actor.

Among the more prominent errors in emphasis which we noticed, we shall mention only one. When *Othello* importunes him to disclose his thoughts, *Iago* replies,

“Good, my lord, pardon me,
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.”

Mr. Kean made *all* the emphatic word, by which the sentence implied that *Iago* was a slave, and as a slave entitled to claim the privilege of slavery. The stress should evidently have been placed upon *slaves*. His pronunciation of words, too, is glaringly incorrect. In *prologue*, he makes the *o* long; *put*, he

pronounces like the game so called, &c. In a man of tolerable education these errors would be unpardonable.

Othello found an able representative in Pope, except during the first act. In the impassioned parts he sustained the character well; but the speech to the senate was too rhetorical, vehement, and artificial, for one who professed himself "rude in speech, and little blessed with the set phrase of peace." Mr. Holland, in Cassio, belied Iago's description of him—

"He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; framed to make women false."

In the drunken scene he reeled about like a fuddled tailor. We never saw the progress of intoxication more finely marked than it used to be by Mr. C. Kemble in Cassio. He did not merely stagger and hiccup; but there was that relaxation of the muscles of the face, that thickening of the voice, that leaden expression of the eye, and that gentle undulation of the body, which are the real effects of inebriety when not pushed to bestiality. Mr. De Camp transformed Roderigo into an ideot; Shakespeare meant him for a weak, credulous fop, easily persuaded, and easily fooled. Miss Smith, in Desdemona, was deficient in portraying that artless simplicity, and winning softness of manner, which the character requires. In the fourth act, where Desdemona attests her innocence by a sudden appeal to Heaven, when Othello asks if she is not a strumpet, she was very great. Mrs. Glover played Emilia with considerable spirit.

Wednesday, May 18.—False Alarms—Festival of Apollo—How to Die for Love.—This was Mr. Braham's benefit, and the house was exceedingly full. To the admirers of vocal excellence a rich treat was presented. Mr. Braham introduced most of his popular airs, and all of them he sang with exquisite taste and judgment. In the medley which followed, (*Apollo's Festival*) "When shall we three meet again," was charmingly sung; "Sweet Echo," by Mrs. Dickons and Mrs. Salmon, deserves also to be mentioned, as having been managed so as to produce a remarkably fine effect. We cannot say much in praise of the new song by Mr. Braham, entitled "*Peace, or Vivent les Bourbons.*"

Thursday, May 19th.—Othello—The Farmer.—The interchange of parts which Mr. Kean has adopted in this play does not contribute very much to the amusement of the public.

Même beauté, tant soit exquise,
Rassassie & soûle, a la fin.

LA FONTAINE.

This would be the case were even Mr. Kean's performance of Othello equal to his Iago; we surfeit on delicacies sooner than upon plain aliment. Besides, Othello is one of those plays which requires two actors of equal, though distinct abilities, to support its finest scenes: it is not, like Hamlet, Macbeth, or Lear, where the whole rests upon a single performer. Mr. Kean's Othello, though not so great a failure as his Hamlet, is still a failure on the whole. Two causes contribute to this: nature and deficient study. Nature, however, has the largest share. Voice and stature have been so sparingly bestowed upon Mr. Kean, that it is impossible he should personate any character that essentially demands those two requisites. It would not be easy to describe the almost ludicrous effect produced by Mr. Kean in those parts where Othello, raging with the madness of new-created jealousy, vents his feelings in all the vehemence of undisguised passion. We can compare it to nothing so apt as the efforts of a child mimicking, with solemn earnestness, the loud intonations of a man's voice. It fell upon the ear like a faint murmur. Now, Othello is a character compounded altogether of passion, displaying itself in fiery and turbulent excesses, and it may easily be conceived, therefore, how inadequate Mr. Kean is, with such physical defects. His form too is against him. It is not absolutely necessary that a warrior should be a giant: but ideal associations have sometimes all the force of truth, and we naturally expect to find dignity of stature, united with dignity of station and character. We are disappointed when we do not. Our sympathy is more strongly excited by a beautiful woman in distress than by an ugly one, yet both may be equally objects of pity. Mr. Kean, in Othello, by the side of his Ancient and Lieutenant, looks like a stripling who would ape the "pomp and circumstance" of command.

With regard to his conception of the part we think it in many respects erroneous, but more particularly so in the expression of his resentment and revenge against Desdemona. He gave it an air of peevish savageness, of malignant cruelty, which is inconsistent with the noble but abused love of Othello, and his general openness of character. This was particularly displayed in his manner of uttering the line, "damn her lewd

minx, damn her, damn her." The iteration of the curse was delivered with a petulance, a sort of angry irritability, which did not pourtray the agony of a magnanimous spirit brooding over its own wrongs, and more incensed against the offender than the offence. As a counterbalance to this general defect, however, we thought him very fine in the mute expression of his tortured feelings, while Iago is disclosing the supposed guilt of Desdemona; and in the bursting wretchedness of heart, with which he said, "I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips." After he has smothered Desdemona, too, and while Emilia is clamoring outside the door for admission, we were pleased with a novelty he then introduced, that of uttering his soliloquy in a low and subdued tone, as if naturally fearful lest Emilia should overhear him; instead of roaring over his crime so as to be heard through the whole palace.

We wish he would abandon some pantomimical tricks, which he too freely indulges in. He is fond of thumping his head and breast, and after giving them two or three knocks, taking a sudden stride across the stage. In the dying scene, after he stabs himself, he continues motionless, holding the dagger in his heart, for a minute nearly, then throws it away and falls, certainly with great dexterity. But again we ask, is this natural? There are several persons at the moment, on the stage: and supposing the event real, would they stand quietly by, and wait till he drew forth the dagger, or would they rush to save him if possible? Nature is the basis of all excellence, and an actor should never forget this for the sake of idle applause bestowed upon mummery.

The other characters were the same as before, except that Pope played Iago. We need not add that after Mr. Kean's it was tolerated rather than approved.

Wednesday May 25th—Riches, or the Wife and Brother— (For the benefit of Mr. Kean.) In this comedy, which Sir J. B. Burges has altered, we do not say improved, from Massinger, Mr. Kean played *Luke*, for the first time. It is like Iago and Richard, a villain's character, and therefore excellently adapted to his peculiar abilities. We wish however it had been less mutilated by Sir J. Burges; in the masterly delineation of Massinger himself, he would have found a wider scope for his talent. In the last scene, where all his knavery is disclosed, he was very great in expressing the shame and horror of his situation. The character is finely drawn, and was ably delineated by Mr. Kean.

The house was crowded to an excess: but why were tickets, and even *places*, to be had *only* of Mr. Kean. We can imagine but two motives for this; vanity or avarice. Either he wished to gratify the one by admitting the various applicants to a momentary interview with him; or the other, by calculating that many of those applicants would not condescend to receive the difference for any number of places or tickets. In the country where an actor is a mendicant, this may be venial; but in London, where tis his own fault, if he be not a gentleman, it is a procedure unwarranted by practice, and unjustifiable in principle.

COVENT GARDEN.

Saturday, May 7.—The Jew—The Devil to Pay.—Sadak and Kalasrade.—An extraordinary innovation seems to be establishing itself at this house, that of mutilating our standard dramas, apparently for the sole purpose of gratifying the vulgar desire of *plenty for money*. We noticed, on a former occasion, the compression of the Beggar's Opera into two acts, but was inclined to applaud rather than condemn that novelty, because the omitted scenes were precisely those which morality and good taste would wish to see expunged. We were a little surprized, however, to see Cumberland's Comedy of the Jew, submitted to the same process, and presented on this evening in *three* acts instead of *five*. Nothing could be more successful than the manner in which it was contrived to destroy all the interest of the piece by this excision. It was transformed into something between comedy and farce: it had the brevity of the latter, without its sprightliness of language, or rapidity of incident; and the sustained dialogue of the former, without the requisite developement of the characters and plot. Against such innovations we enter our decided protest; first, because they tend only to gratify a vitiated taste, which is destructive of the regular drama, by mixing up two or three heterogeneous dishes for one evening's fare; and secondly, because they are injurious to the fair fame and character of a dramatic author, whose memory is loaded with the offences of any simple gentleman who happens to be acting manager; and lastly, because dramatic literature itself is contaminated. If the practice be once admitted, there is no reason why it should stop; Shakespeare and Otway may be lopped and maimed in the same way; and they who derive their chief knowledge of our dramatists, from fre-

quencing the theatre, may be radically deceived in whatever estimate they may form of their talents, by supposing that *Macbeth* is in three acts, or *Venice Preserved* in two. It would introduce inexplicable confusion; and many a tavern critic might be heard to lament the prolixity of our modern writers in departing from the ancient custom by giving five acts to a play.—We hope the managers will pause, and reflect a little before they repeat this practice.

On the present evening the only novelty was the first appearance of a Mr. *Sherenbeck*, in the character of *Sheva*. Report says, that he is by birth and religious persuasion, one of that class of people, whose benevolence Cumberland sought to propitiate when he delineated a philanthropic Jew, and whose ingratitude he partly rebukes, in his *Memoirs*, because he was not *substantially* rewarded. The house indeed, contained no small proportion of circumcised auditors, who were inordinately clamorous in supporting their representative, and seemed exceedingly supercilious towards a few Christian critics who happened to differ in their estimate of Mr. *Sherenbeck's* talents. It was on the whole, a successful effort, but it was, notwithstanding, largely portioned with deficiencies. His countenance is inflexible; and his voice more so than his countenance. The decrepitude of age he portrayed very well: but he incorporated rather too much of that venal hypocrisy and suspicious sincerity with the character, which are indeed, characteristic of the tribe, but do not belong to the *beau ideal* from which Cumberland drew his portrait. The meek, and almost apostolic simplicity of manner, the gentleness of charity, conflicting with habits of action which custom, not nature, clung to, and the virtuous struggle between philanthropy and selfishness, all so exquisitely delineated by Bannister and Dowton, were evidently beyond the attainment of Mr. *Sherenbeck*. The applause he received was bestowed, in our opinion, more upon the sentiments and situation of the actor, than upon the actor himself. Neither his conception nor his execution were accurate. Mathews played *Jabel* with chaste and original humour. Mr. Vining stalked about, and whined out his part just as usual. Mrs. Faucit, in *Eliza Ratchiffe*, was but an indifferent voucher of her husband's declaration in behalf of her beauty and loveliness.

In the *Devil to Pay*, Mrs. Jordan's *Nell* carried us back in imagination to the best days of her theatrical career. Emery was

not equal to Bannister in *Jobson*. In Heaven's name, why is the beastly and disgusting threat of *Jobson* to the *Conjurer*, at the end of the first act, retained? It is the grossest violation of decorum that we ever heard on a stage. The coarseness of another part of the dialogue where *Jobson* says, that "*Nell* is drunk," has been reformed; and why not this, which is much worse?

Monday, May 9th.—Beggars' Opera—Sleep Walker—Timour the Tartar.—This romantic melo-drama has been revived in all its splendour. As a spectacle it is certainly magnificent: nor do we think it a jot more irrational to witness the sagacity of the noblest quadruped in the creation, than to hear the mimicry of the noblest animal; we allude to Mathew's imitations in the stupid farce of the *Sleep Walker*, all of which are excellent, save that of Kemble, which exhibits nothing of his manner except the sepulchral tone of his voice.

Friday, May 13th.—Othello.—Timour the Tartar.—The rivalry between the two houses still continues; and the public continue to derive the benefit from it. Mr. Young, on this night, appeared for the first time in *Iago*, and though he did not elicit any very prominent beauties, he maintained throughout an elaborate uniformity of excellence. It was evidently a studied piece of acting: the result of minute attention to the character, rather than of any quick and spontaneous conception of it. The general effect of his performance we preferred to Mr. Kean's, because he gave more of circumspect and plotting malignity to *Iago*; but he certainly was not so felicitous in certain passages. He was coldly regular, not impetuously great or daring. Mr. Conway, in *Othello*, so spoiled his pretty face by blacking it that the ladies were disconsolate. He has good lungs, and roared "as gently as any sucking-dove; an 'twere any nightingale." We doubt whether Mr. Conway ever felt a passion: we are sure when he has to express one, he "tears it to rags." Mrs. Faucit, in *Desdemona*, threw more of tenderness and submissive softness into the character than Miss Smith can do. The other parts were respectably sustained.

Wednesday, May 18.—Coriolanus—The Miller and his Men.—Mr. Kemble appeared again this evening. He was received with tumultuous applause. We cannot add any thing to our former criticism upon this character. It was one uniform effort of sustained excellence.

Saturday, May 21.—Hamlet—Timour.—The Hamlet of Mr. Kemble has always struck us as being the most finished piece of acting which the modern stage can boast. In our account of Mr. Kean's Hamlet last month, we endeavoured to trace an outline of what the character demands from the actor; and in describing Mr. Kemble's performance of it, we can hardly do it more effectually than by saying that it comprehends all the various excellencies of art and nature which we there specified. In dignity and grace of deportment he has no equal; and his profound study of Shakespeare, united with his scholastic attainments, qualify him for portraying all the conceptions of the poet. We noticed two or three variations in his delineation this evening, and which we thought improvements also. In the play scene, and his sarcastic rebuke of the courtiers, he was eminently great: but we will not particularize; it would be irksome to dwell upon unvarying excellence. In the fencing scene, we had none of the foolish evolutions with which Mr. Kean delights and perhaps astonishes the galleries. Miss Stephens, in Ophelia, was artless and affecting: her exquisite pathos in singing the wild melodies when mad, produced a powerful effect. Mrs. Powell (now Mrs. Rigaud,) played the Queen. We thought the rebuke of Hamlet, in the closet scene, somewhat applicable to her new situation—

“You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame; its humble,
And waits upon the judgment.”

Thursday, May 23th.—Richard Cœur de Lion.—Tricking's Fair in Love (first time)—The Child of Nature. There were two novelties this evening, and the first we will dismiss. Who may be the author of the farce we have not the least suspicion; but we have seldom witnessed a dramatic piece that had fewer claims to public applause. It was in fact condemned. A young lady made her first appearance in *Amanthis*, in the *Child of Nature*: we have only room to say that she was very pretty, very interesting, and very favorably received.

